

JAN 28 1925

THE ROTARIAN

The Magazine of Rotary

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This Month's Leading Features

PEACE—OR WAR?

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

LETTERS OF A ROTARIAN TO HIS SON

By BURLIE McCUBBIN

WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES ON THE PLATFORM

By HAROLD R. PEAT

DRUMS OF DESTINY

By ARTHUR MELVILLE

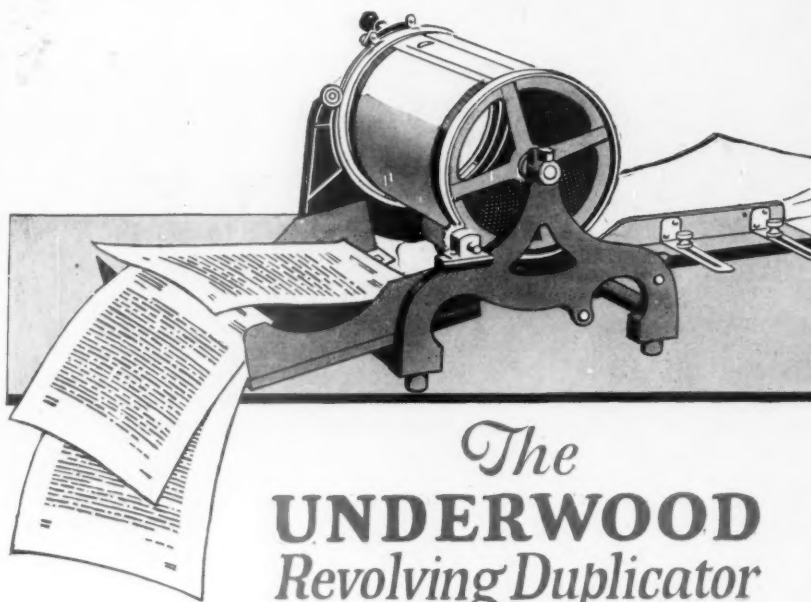
WOMEN AND ROTARY

By A. F. GRAVES



November
1924

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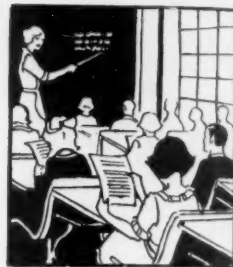
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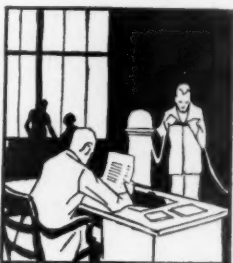
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Formerly Editor Today's Housewife and Chief of Division of Home Conservation, U. S. Food Administration, says:
"Every woman cherishes the image of the woman she would like to be. I believe the realization of that ideal is contained in PELMANISM."

The Spread of Pelmanism

The Story of a Great Movement that Compels the Interest of Forward Looking Men and Women

By B. C. McCULLOCH

PELMANISM has made a record of 650,000 successes, both in England and in America. No new idea has ever had such a thorough testing.

Pelmanism is not a theory but a practice. For twenty years it has been teaching people how to develop and strengthen their known powers and how to discover and train their latent mental abilities.

I first heard of Pelmanism during a London visit in 1919. Pages of the newspapers and magazines were devoted to Pelmanism, and "Are you a Pelmanist?" was a common question.

Men and women in every walk of life—lords and ladies, cooks and clerks, generals, admirals, doctors, lawyers, business men—all were Pelmanizing. Heads of great commercial firms were enrolling their entire staffs in the cause of greater efficiency.

To many who took the training, Pelmanism had all the force and sweep of a religion. It went deep down beneath the surface emotions and buried its roots in the very centers of individual consciousness, for Pelmanism can and does strengthen ambition, self-reliance, will power, concentration, judgment and memory.

Pelmanism Develops the Mind Behind Memory

Twenty years ago Pelmanism was a simple memory training system. Today it scientifically trains and exercises ALL the mental powers instead of one function of the mind.

Pelmanism today develops mind as surely as a physical trainer develops muscle. It is a new practical application of truths as old as the history of the world. It substitutes head work for guess work. It puts science in harness for the doing of every day work.

Pelmanism develops individual (mark that) mentality to its highest power. It recognizes the interdependence of all mental faculties and trains them together. It corrects bad habits, and emphasizes the importance of personality and character in the development of mental activity.

Pelmanism gives the mind a gymnasium to work in. It prescribes the training scientifically and skilled educators superintend the work.

The Art of "Get There"

Science is the knowledge of truth. Pelmanism, the science, teaches the art of "Getting there" quickly, surely, finely, not just for men, but for women.

Woman in the home as well as in business has her ambitions and her perplexities. Followed honestly, Pelmanism will help solve woman's problems and aid her to realize her ambitions.

Never forget that there is no such thing as "standing still." Either you go forward or you drop back. America needs Pelmanism as much as England needed it. There are too many men who are "old at forty"; too many people who complain about their "luck" when they fail; too many people without ambition or who have "lost their nerve"; too many "job cowards" living under the daily fear of being "fired."

Increased Incomes

Talk of quick and large salary increases suggests quackery, but in London, at Pelman House, I saw bundles of letters telling how Pelmanism had increased earning capacity from 20 to 200 per cent. And why not? Increased efficiency is worth more money.

But Pelmanism is bigger than that. After all life is for living. Money is merely an aid to that end. Money without capacity for enjoyment is worthless. Pelmanism makes for a richer, more wholesome and more interesting life.

Too many people are mentally lopsided, knowing just one thing, or taking interest in only one thing. Of all living creatures they are the most deadly. I have seen eminent scholars who were the dullest of talkers; successful business men who knew nothing of literature, art, or music; people of achievement sitting tongue-tied in a crowd while some fool held the floor; masters of industry, ignorant of every social value; workers whose lives were drab because they did not know how to put color in them. I have heard men and women of real intelligence forced to rely on anecdotes to keep up a conversation.

The emphasis of Pelmanism is on a complete personality. It does away with lopsided developments. It points the way to cultural values as well as to material success. It opens the window of the mind to the voices of the world; it puts the stored wealth of memory at the service of the tongue; it turns away the stupid diffidences by developing self-realization and self-expression.

Your Unsuspected Self

How Pelmanism Brings the Hidden, Sleeping Qualities Into Full Development and Dynamic Action

ARE you the man or woman you ought to be? Beneath the Self of which you are conscious there is hidden an unsuspected Self, a thing of sleeping strength and infinite possibilities. That Self is the man or woman you ought to be.

It is this unsuspected Self that occasionally rises uppermost in some crisis of life and makes you go in and win. And then you say, wonderingly: "How strange! I didn't think I had it in me."

Let that Self be always uppermost. Resolve to be always the man you ought to be!

Discover Yourself

Search through all the muddle and chaos of wrong thinking, of doubt and self-distrust, and find those fine qualities, those powerful potentialities, all those slumbering talents which every one of us possesses.

Developed and used, they will lift you from the valley of vain wishing to the hill tops of achievement. The human mind, freed from slavery of slothful habits and trained to strength by proper exercises, has the drive of a mighty machine. It takes no account of obstacles; it refuses to be stopped by barriers.

Destiny or Decision

These statements are not advanced as empty speculation, but are stated as facts, facts that have behind them the testimony of more than 650,000 men and women who have studied Pelmanism, that science of Self Realization which bids fair to revolutionize our conception of "Destiny" and Possibility.

Thus it is that one student says: "When I think of what I was a year ago, it does not seem as if I am the same person."

"I have got into a position that I could never have managed a few months ago; in fact, I can hardly believe that this new self is really me," says another.

Clearing the Fog

The minds of many men are veiled by a fog of misunderstanding. They think in a circle, haphazardly—vaguely. They wander in the twilight of doubt. Pelmanism clears the fog. It changes doubt to certainty, misdirection to direction, guessing to knowledge.

Whether you measure Pelmanism by the standards of practical cash-bringing re-

sults, increased mental and moral strength, or every day happiness, it cannot fail to satisfy you.

The truth of this claim is proved by the books of the Pelman Institute of America. A study of enrollments shows that every part of this continent has its growing group of Pelmanists, and that the list includes every field of human endeavor. The home, the shop, the arm, the bank, the store, the factory, the bench and the bar, the office, all have their representatives, and the letters show that this great system of mental training comes as an answer to a tremendous need.

How to Become a Pelmanist

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the booklet which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and incisive observation. It has benefits of its own that will make the reader keep it.

In its pages will be found the comment and experience of men and women of every trade, profession and calling, telling how Pelmanism works—the observations of scientists with respect to such vital questions as age, sex and circumstances in their bearing on success—"stories from the life" and brilliant little essays on personality, opportunity, etc.—all drawn from facts. So great has been the demand that "Scientific Mind Training" has already gone into a third edition of 100,000.

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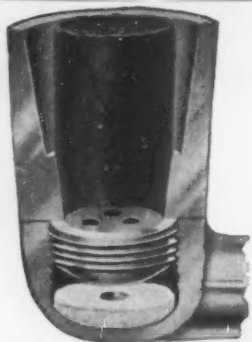
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Just Among Ourselves—

EVERY once in a while an editor is privileged to know the feelings of an author whose book has turned out to be a best-seller. When we presented the article, "To-Morrow's Business Man," by Edward W. Bok, we thought we had something of decided value to present to our readers—but it developed that we had done even better than we expected. Comment on the October Number was plentiful and favorable, but Bok's article was a decided hit. Several newspapers, we note, reprinted the article in full, and others devoted columns to editorial comment.

The last daily paper to report printing Bok's article in full was the Pasadena (Cal.) *Star-News*. Below are a few paragraphs extracted from editorials showing the wide interest in the subject.

An editorial in the *Daily Argus-Leader* of Sioux Falls, S. D., says:

Edward Bok is no crank, neither is he a "highbrow," but one who has risen from the bottom up and learned his lesson on the way. What he has to say in behalf of thoroughness, more emphasis on quality rather than quantity, and more calm, quiet thinking deserves the serious consideration of all.

Equally enthusiastic is an editorial writer of the Edmonton, Alta., *Journal*, who writes:

The article deserves to rank with "A Message to Garcia." It reminds one very much of that production of Elbert Hubbard's which had a wide circulation a quarter of a century ago and more, and which has been too soon forgotten. The fundamental idea of the two is the same. Since Hubbard wrote, a new generation of preachers of the gospel of living for the present only has arisen and there is even more need of challenging it than there was in his day.

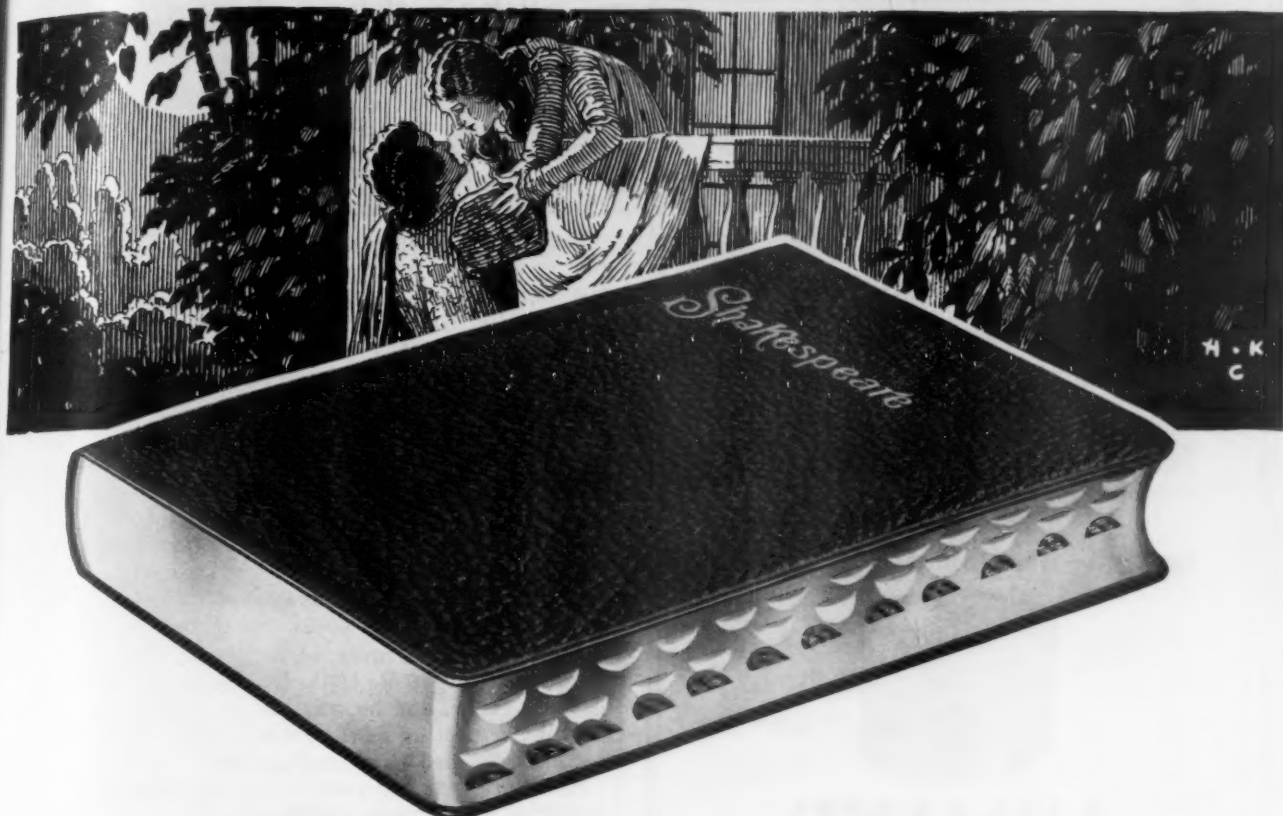
The *Missouri Farm Bureau News* of Jefferson City, Missouri, applies Bok's doctrine directly to the special interests of the farmer:

As farmers, we have been striving for more corn per acre, more pork per sow, more milk per cow, and only in the last few years has a determined effort been made to increase the quality of the farmer's product, rather than the quantity. But there is still a tendency to try for quantity in production rather than quality. . . .

Farmers here in Missouri should be well aware of that lesson. We see many staple products passing through our borders from co-operative associations in California that command a better price, and make more money for their growers than our own products. There is no need to ask the question, it is because the co-operative associations, not only in California, but everywhere, have recognized that quality pays wherever it is tried and practiced right. . . .

SO MUCH for the October Number—and we will let this November Number speak for itself. Just a word about the December issue of *THE ROTARIAN*. We are planning a great Christmas Number for you. Like all other issues of your magazine this will give you the latest news of the official and unofficial matters affecting all Rotary. All *Rotary* includes every section of the globe where Rotary clubs are organized. Rotary is organized in twenty-eight countries of the world and *THE ROTARIAN* goes to members in each of these countries. That statement is often met with surprise on the part of those who still think of Rotary in terms of the United States and Canada.

Among the articles to appear in the December Number is the story of Rotary in France, one of the series which we have carried from time to time dealing with the organization's progress in different lands.



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Who's Who—Among Our Contributors

HERBERT H. STALKER, whose article-editorial celebrates the virtues of those who shun the spotlight, is the president of the Stalker Advertising Company, a member of Toledo Rotary, and a former member of the Committee on Publications of Rotary International.

John Galsworthy needs no introduction to those who like good books or good plays. In a way he belongs to the same school as his fellow-countryman, Sir Philip Gibbs. But Gibbs writes of things as they happen, whereas Galsworthy points out why they should or should not have happened. His article is one of the great series which we are presenting, dealing with the problem of international understanding.

Burlie McCubbin in "The Letters of a Rotarian to His Son," has written something that will become a part of the permanent literature of Rotary. Until just recently he was secretary of the Rotary Club of Fulton, Missouri, and editor of that sparkling club publication "The Cog." When not engaged with Rotary affairs he studies the eyes, ears, noses, and throats, of his patients.

A. F. (Paul) Graves, of Brighton, England, is third vice-president of R. I. B. I. His classification is real estate agency, and he was just recently in America attending a meeting of the International Board of Rotary in place of Second Vice-President John Bain Taylor. "Paul" presents for your serious consideration the possibilities of "Woman and Rotary."

Harold R. Peat is the "Private Peat" of the lecture platform, author of "The Inexcusable Lie," etc. The closing of his experience with the First Contingent of Canada found him with one lung missing and a passionate conviction of the futility of war.

Ellis Parker Butler, who contributes another of those stories that reach your brain through your risibilities, needs little introduction to our readers. His oblique humor is often applied to his immediate environment, but it is good enough to be equally applicable anywhere.

Miles H. Krumbine is a Rotary parson of Dayton, Ohio, who likes books—and likes them well enough to take the trouble to classify them according to their merit. Although busily engaged on a book of his own—a book of sermons to be published soon—he gave the necessary time to reading "The New World of Labor," by Dr. Sherwood Eddy and then wrote his estimate of the book for readers of this magazine.

Christine Whiting Parmenter, of Colorado Springs, Colorado, is a short story writer whose work has appeared in many of our leading magazines. Her "Guest of Honor" in this issue is a story to make one reflect on the expiation of wrongs and on crime and punishment.

Arthur Melville has no boys of his own—and when he wants music he changes the needle. However, he learned about boys from handling sixty-four newsboys, and about music by hearing and studying it in some seven countries.

Edith Burtis is the business associate of Fred Van Amburgh and writes the woman's page of *The Silent Partner*. . . . **Harry Botsford** specializes in business subjects, but in this issue he widens his field to include a new phase, namely, art in business and industry. . . . **Douglas Malloch**, speaker, humorist and poet, is known to a large number of Rotary clubs. Most of his contributions are written in Pullman coaches between speaking dates. . . . **Mary Davis Reed**, one of the group of New England poets who inspire with their charming verse, contributes the beautiful "Thanksgiving" prayer printed on page 12.



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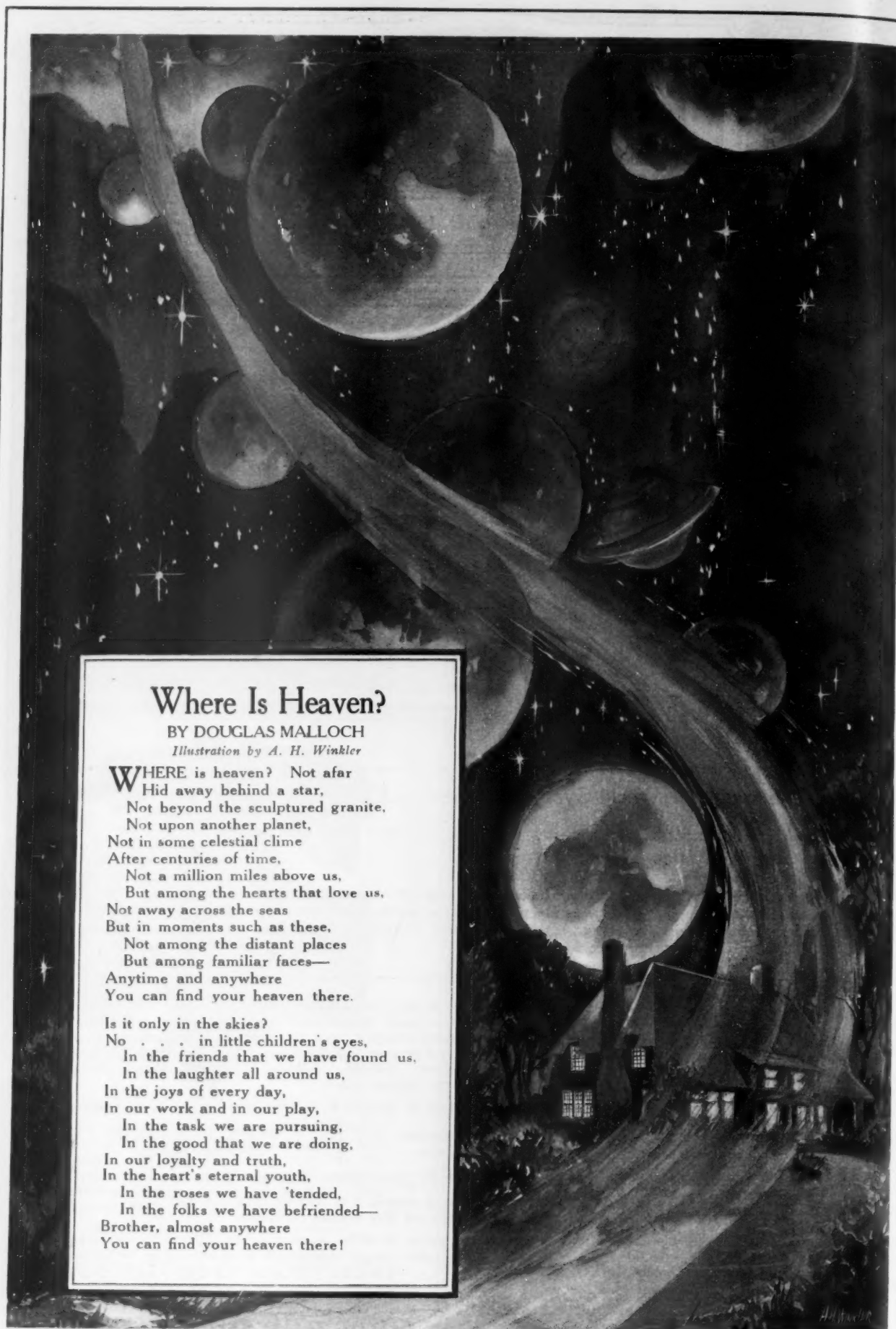
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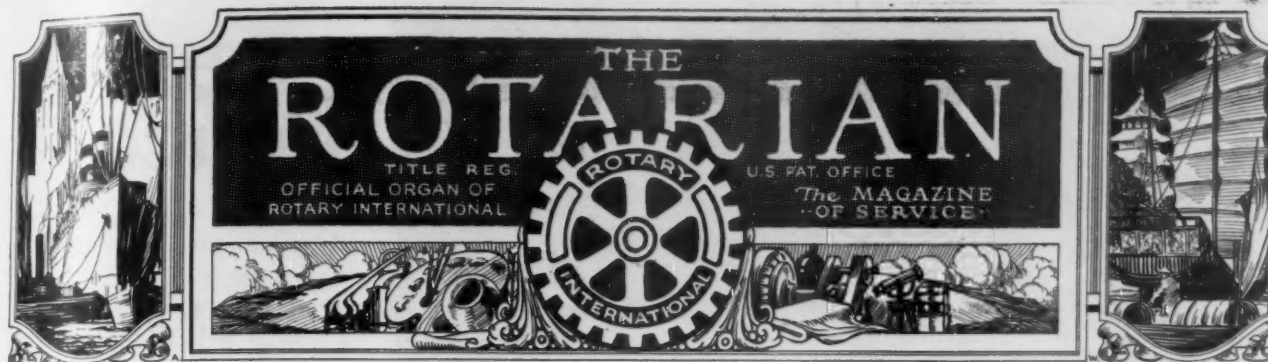
Where Is Heaven?

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

Illustration by A. H. Winkler

WHERE is heaven? Not afar
 Hid away behind a star,
 Not beyond the sculptured granite,
 Not upon another planet,
 Not in some celestial clime
 After centuries of time,
 Not a million miles above us,
 But among the hearts that love us,
 Not away across the seas
 But in moments such as these,
 Not among the distant places
 But among familiar faces—
 Anytime and anywhere
 You can find your heaven there.

Is it only in the skies?
 No . . . in little children's eyes,
 In the friends that we have found us,
 In the laughter all around us,
 In the joys of every day,
 In our work and in our play,
 In the task we are pursuing,
 In the good that we are doing,
 In our loyalty and truth,
 In the heart's eternal youth,
 In the roses we have 'tended,
 In the folks we have befriended—
 Brother, almost anywhere
 You can find your heaven there!



To the Unsung

By Herbert H. Stalker

IN THE distance the muffled beat of drums. Rows deep, on either side of the line of march, solemn-faced men, women and children await the approach of the procession. Besides the measured crescendo of the drums as they move slowly nearer, the faint rustling of the autumn leaves makes the only other sound as the multitudes silently and reverently stand.

It is November 11th. Armistice Day in Paris and in London and in Washington. The event, in Washington, as in other cities, is a mark of tribute to the thousands of unknown heroes who so magnificently sacrificed their lives on the altar of human liberty.

Who in all that vast throng, on the first Armistice Day, from the head of the nation down through the long list of notables from many countries—statesmen, generals, admirals, judges, soldiers and populace, and even the ragged street urchin—will ever forget the solemn grandeur, the impressiveness and the significance of one of the greatest events in the history of the world? Who of us that read the inspired word picture, by inspired journalists, and who in imagination lived through that hour with the hushed eye-witnesses, will ever forget it?

The world is quick to shout huzzas to the mighty and powerful, to the brilliant and distinguished. Honors and position are heaped upon them, and a place in the sun is always theirs.

But who shall say that the progress of the world is not more largely and soundly wrought through the silent, unassuming, and retiring service of the soldier in the ranks?

Rotary delights to honor her leaders of the past and present. In every club there are a few who, through the gift of speech or unusual personality, have been singled out for position and honor. Their names are often on our lips. Our literature abounds with their names, pictures, and praises. This is as it should be, for these men give largely of their gifts and time and contribute immeasurably to the standing and publicity of our great organization.

And yet, sitting in the back room at our weekly luncheons, are dozens of quiet, reserved men, to whom attention and the limelight are distressing and embarrassing. To all outward appearances they are a drag on the "pep" of the meeting. They are unequal to the task of arising and shouting, "now fellows, come on and all join in singing, 'I'm a little prairie flower, growing wilder every hour.' Let's Go! Everybody Sing!" They

are never called upon and would be struck dumb with fright if asked to preside at a meeting. Yet many of these men are performing a service in Rotary equal to that of the men in conspicuous positions. They call on the sick; they give employment to some delinquent boy from the Juvenile Court who needs a job and fatherly encouragement. They send generous-sized checks to support the crippled children's work. They pay the hospital bills of unfortunate employees, and say nothing about it. They serve on committees unobtrusively and are glad to see the chairman get the credit. They are of the class that believe in the biblical injunction to keep the left hand in the dark as to what the right hand is doing. They are not self-seekers. They have no spotlight ambitions. They avoid all prominent places in gatherings of their fellows. They are the unknown Rotarians, serving without notice in the ranks, and in the thick of the battle. They have not the inspiration and stimulus of the praise and honor and cheering that buoys up the prominent workers. They do their tasks uninspired save by the urge of their generous and kindly hearts.

THIS, then, is a tribute to the unknown Rotarian, who with heart and mind and spirit is living Rotary quietly and adding to its prestige and influence, if not to its history, by his splendid living of its principles of conduct.

There are thousands of these unknown Rotarians scattered all over the world. Like the thousands who lie in nameless graves on the battlefields of France, these thousands will live and die unknown and unsung among the tens of thousands that make up the Rotary army.

As we so magnificently and humbly paid tribute to the thousands who died in the war, let us pause now and pay tribute to the unknown Rotarians who, through their *living*, are serving their home lands in these grateful days of peace.

There are men who think far finer thoughts

Than poets' words give flower;
Whose high impulses flee the pen,
But unfurl in deeds of power.

There are men whose hearts are throbbing walls,
Behind which greatness thrives;
Their tongues untuned to speech, but yet
Whose works enrich our lives.

There are men who have no outward grace,
No charm of voice or manner;
Who, silently, unsung, unknown,
Serve 'neath a nameless banner.



Photo: Western Newspaper Union.

The Galsworthy of "Justice"—a modern knight-errant.

"The exchange of international thought is the only possible salvation of the world."

TO THOSE who, until 1914, believed in civil behavior between man and man, the war and its ensuing peace brought disenchantment. Preoccupied with the humaner pursuits, and generally unfamiliar with the real struggle for existence, they were caught napping. The rest of mankind have experienced no particular astonishment—the doing-down of man by man was part of daily life, and when it was done collectively they felt no spiritual change. It was dreadful but—in a word—natural. This may not be a popular view of human life in the mass, but it is true. Average life is a long fight; this man's suc-

cess is that man's failure; cooperation and justice are only the palliatives of a basic, and ruthless, competition. The disenchantment of the few would not have mattered so much but for the fact that they were the nerves and voice of the community. Their histories, poems, novels, plays, pictures, treatises, sermons, were the expression of what we call civilization. And disenchanted philosophers, though by so much the nearer to the truths of existence, are by that much, perhaps, the less useful to human nature. We need scant reminder of a truth always with us, we need rather perpetual assertion that the truth might with advantage be, and may possibly with effort become, not quite so unpleasant. Though we ought to look things in the face, a fine

Peace—

By JOHN
GALSWORTHY

afflatus is the essence of ethical philosophy.

It is a pity, then, that philosophy is, or has been, draggletailing—art avoiding life, taking to contraptions of form and color signifying nothing; literature driven in on itself, or running riot; science more hopeful of perfecting poison gas than of abating coal-smoke or curing cancer; that religion should incline to tuck its head under the wing of spiritualism; that there should be, in fact, a kind of tacit abandonment of the belief in life. Sport, which still keeps a flag of idealism flying, is perhaps the most saving grace in the world at the moment, with its spirit of rules kept, and regard for the adversary, whether the fight is going for or against. When, if ever, the fair-play spirit of sport reigns over international affairs, the cat force which rules there now will slink away and human life emerge for the first time from the jungle.

Looking the world in the face, we see what may be called a precious mess. Under a thin veneer—sometimes no veneer—of regard for civilization, each country, great and small, is pursuing its own ends, struggling to rebuild its own house in the burnt village. The dread of confusion—worse-confounded, of death recrowned, and pestilence revived, alone keeps the nations to the compromise of peace. What chance has a better spirit?

"The exchange of international thought is the only possible salvation of the world," are the words of Thomas Hardy, and so true that it may be well to cast an eye over such mediums as we have for the exchange of international thought. "The Permanent Court of International Justice"; "The League of Nations"; "The Pan-American Congress"; certain sectional associations of this nation with that nation, tarred somewhat with the brush of self-interest; sporadic international conferences

or War?

THE world must ultimately choose whether it will have peace—which is based on international thought — or use its science to commit suicide.

concerned with sectional interest; and the recently founded P. E. N. Club, an international association of writers with friendly aims, but no political intentions. These are about all, and they are taken none too seriously by the peoples of the earth. The salvation of a world in which we all live, however, would seem to have a certain importance. Why, then, is not more attention paid to the only existing means of salvation? The argument for neglect is much as follows: Force has always ruled human life—and always will. Competition is basic. Co-operation and justice succeed, indeed, in definite communities so far as to minimize the grosser forms of crime, but only because general opinion within the ring-fence of a definite community gives them an underlying force which the individual offender cannot withstand. There is no such ring-fence round nations, therefore no general opinion, and no underlying force to ensure the abstention of individual nations from crime—if, indeed, transgression of laws which are not fixed can be called crime.

THIS is the average hard-headed view at the moment. If it is to remain dominant, there is no salvation in store for the world. "Why not?" replies the hard-head: "It always has been the view, and the world has gone on?" Quite true! But the last few years have brought a startling change in the conditions of existence—a change that has not yet been fully realized. *Destructive science has gone ahead out of all proportion.* It is developing so fast that each irresponsible assertion of national rights or interests brings the world appreciably nearer to ruin. Without any doubt whatever, the powers of destruction are gaining fast on the powers of creation and construction. In old days a thirty years' war was needed to exhaust a nation; it will soon be (if it is not already) possible to exhaust a nation in a week by the destruction of its big towns from the air. The con-

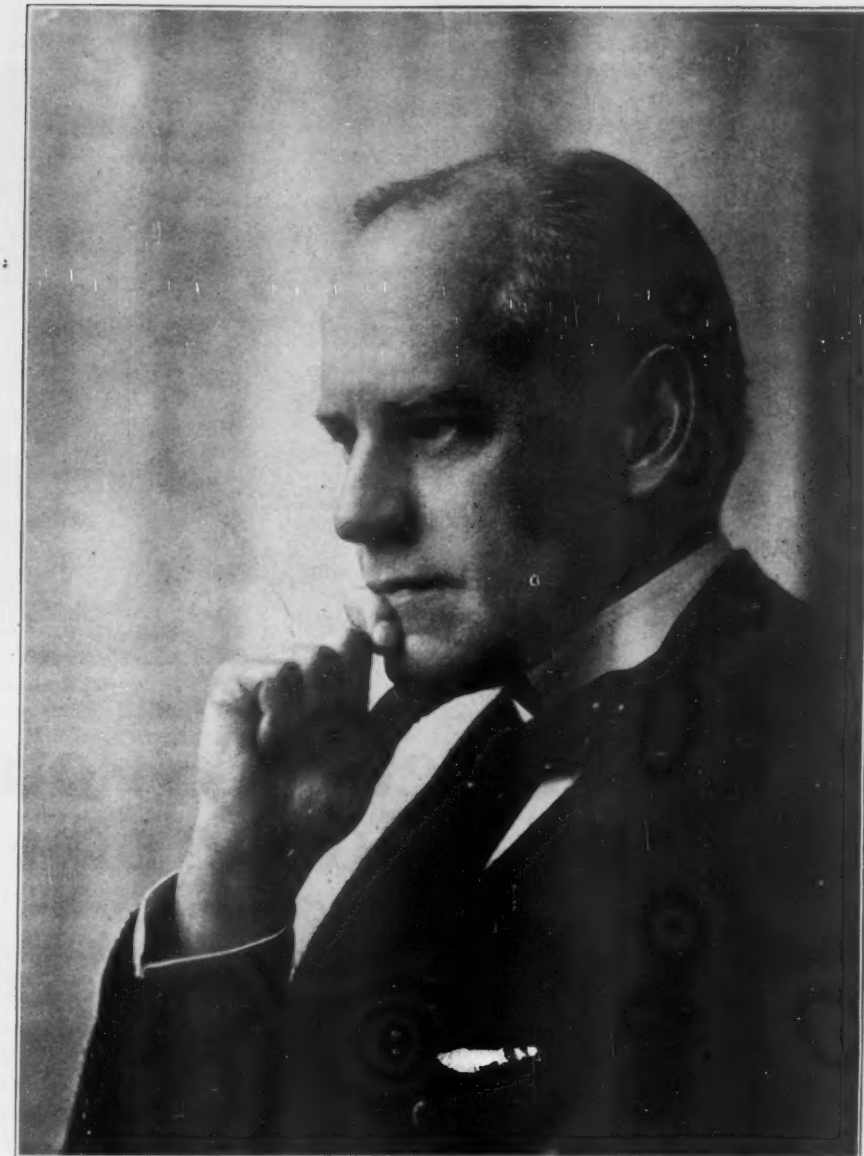


Photo: F. O. Hoppe, N. Y. City.

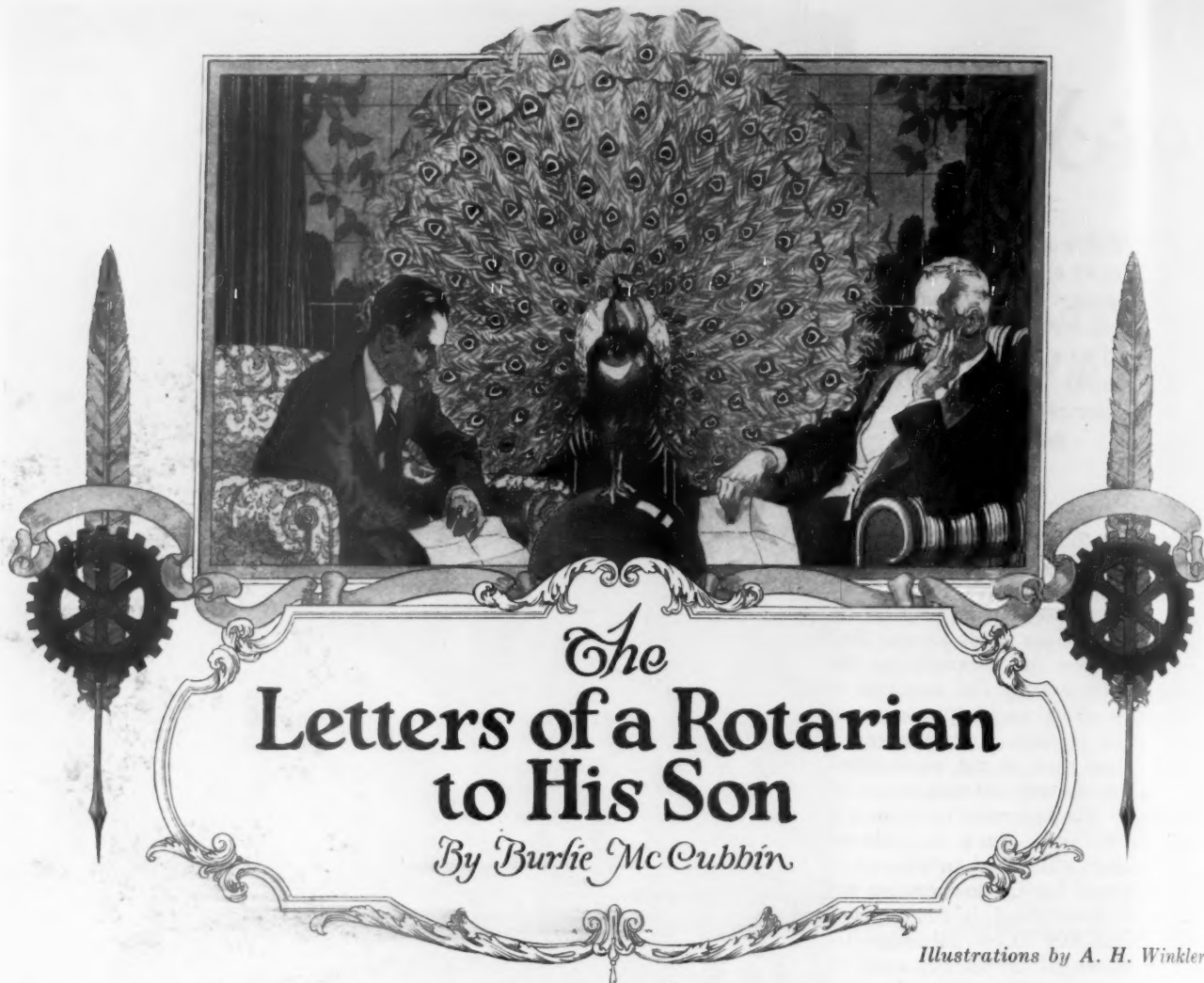
The Galsworthy of reverie—thinking it through before he writes.

quest of the air, so jubilantly hailed by the unthinking, may turn out the most sinister event that ever befell us, simply because *it came before we were fit for it*—fit to act reasonably under the temptation of its fearful possibilities. The use made of it in the last war showed that; and the sheep-like refusal of the startled nations to face the new situation, and unanimously ban chemical warfare and the use of flying for destructive purposes, shows it still more clearly. No one denies that the conquest of the air was a great—a wonderful—achievement; no one denies that it could be a beneficent achievement if the nations would let it be. But mankind has not yet, apparently, reached a pitch of decency sufficient to be trusted with such an inviting and terribly destructive weapon. We are all familiar with the argument: Make war dreadful enough, and there will be no war. And we none of us believe in it. The last war disproved it utterly. Competition in armaments has already

begun, among men who think, to mean competition in the air. Nothing else will count in a few years' time. We have made by our science a monster that will devour us yet, unless by exchanging international thought, we can create a general opinion against the new powers of destruction so strong and so unanimous that no nation will care to face the force which underlies it.

A well-known advocate of the League of Nations said the other day: "I do not believe it necessary that the League should have a definite force at its disposal. It could not maintain a force that would keep any first-rate power from breaking the peace. Its strength lies in the use of publicity; in its being able to voice universal disapproval with all the latent potentiality of universal action."

Certainly, the genuine publication of all military movements and developments throughout the world, the unfathoming and broadcasting of destructive inventions (Continued on page 63)



July 11, 1922.

DEAR JOHN:

You must know how glad I was to get your letter saying that Madge and the babies have gone to Colorado Springs where they are all well and enjoying the cool mountain breezes. I am sure the kiddies will have the times of their lives and will come home with many wonderful tales to tell you.

You say that their absence has given you the opportunity for reflection and that among other things you have about decided that you would like to join the Rotary club of your city and want to know how to get in.

John, there is nothing that would please your old dad more than to see you a Rotarian. But I am just wondering if you are thinking of Rotary membership in the same way you think of membership in your University Club and in your fraternity? If you do have that conception of it I would suggest that you familiarize yourself more thoroughly with the purposes and obligations of Rotary before you talk about going into it. For, while I prize my membership in Rotary more than that of any other organization to which I belong, there are few things more piti-

ful, and at the same time more disconcerting to the other members, than to see some one a member of a Rotary club who will not develop into a Rotarian in a thousand years. Such a fellow does the club a lot of harm and he, himself, is better off outside the club and that is where he usually lands before he has finished.

I don't believe that would be the case with you, yet I believe I can read between the lines of your letter a desire to plank down the admission fee, have your name inscribed on the roll of membership along with the names of some other members for whom you have the highest respect, and then perhaps say to yourself, "Well, that's done. I certainly put one over on my competitor that time."

John, if that's your idea you are as innocent of Rotary as a new-born babe is of logarithms. Eight years ago, when you and Madge were married and you and she took up your home in the West, I was not a member of a Rotary club. In fact we had no club here at that time so that you, of course, had no opportunity to observe Rotary in action. I wish you had.

Now, John, I have often thought of you in connection with Rotary, but for

reasons of my own I have preferred to wait for you to bring up the subject. Without any suggestions from me I wanted to see what your reactions to it would be. As yet you don't know a great deal about Rotary, but at least you are revolving the matter around in your mind.

While you state that your classification is unfilled in your club I also observe that you have not been solicited for membership, but you, yourself, want to know how to get in. The furniture classification is a rather important one and ordinarily an important classification is not overlooked by a Rotary club. You do not understand it, of course, but these things are very interesting to your dad.

I AM slipping into the envelope a little pamphlet entitled, "A Talking Knowledge of Rotary." Look this over, boy, very carefully, and then write me why you want to join the Rotary club, if you do really want to join. After that we shall have plenty of time to take up the matter of how to get in. Sometimes that's a hard job. It depends on how bad you want in and why—how far you are willing to go.

Great guns! This is our meeting day

and the clock just struck twelve! There's just fifteen minutes between me and a fine "bawling out." Well, I can make it and I'm not going to give the bunch a chance to put one over on me.

Good-bye,

DAD.

July 20, 1922.

DEAR JOHN:

You will recall that my last letter was cut off rather abruptly by the old clock pealing off the noon hour which suddenly reminded me that I had only fifteen minutes to get to our Rotary luncheon. Well, I made it; but it was a close shave. You know I like to get to luncheon a little before the hour and meet the fellows. I enjoy the little informal chats and general good fellowship. It puts me in the right mood for the meeting. I have found this such a pleasant feature that I seldom arrive at the last minute, but arrange my work to get an earlier start.

Now, John, as to your second letter about Rotary which I have just received today. In the first place you confess that my views of why you wanted to join the Rotary club of your city are not entirely wrong. That's consoling in one way at least and that is that it indicates I know something of the workings of my boy's mind. You know the adage about "It's a wise father, etc." Well, I believe a better one would be "It's a foolish father who doesn't know his own son." Because in most instances it is the father's fault if he has not gained the confidence of his boy.

I shall never be able to forgive myself for the attitude which I assumed toward you when you were a boy. How foolish I was. During your entire boyhood I never once took you into my confidence and had a good heart talk with you about your problems or mine. Instead, I held you at arm's length. I wanted you to grow up to be a respected citizen of the community and as I saw it the only way this could be brought about was by cold discipline. I felt I must not get too close to you else I would lose my control over you. What a terrible mistake that was. Think of all the wonderful opportunities for fellowship that were thrown away. Many moments that should have been golden for both of us have been forever lost.

You know, John, I believe that more boys go wrong just because of this austerity and aloofness of fathers than from any other cause. A father's

first duty to his boy is to be a real honest-to-goodness pal. What better pal could a father have, and what greater joy for a boy than to have a father to whom he may go with the confident knowledge that there he will find a sympathetic ear for his joys and sorrows—an ear "tuned in" for friendly counsel as to his boy problems? It took me a long time to learn this, and do you know where I learned it? In the Rotary club.

If you will reflect for a minute I believe you will agree with me that the letters I have been writing you since a short time after I became a member of Rotary have been growing more humane. Unconsciously, I've laid aside my coat of armor-plate and have been really trying to be myself and get friendly with a boy whom I scarcely knew. I find now that instead of trying to give you a few brief paragraphs of artificially concocted material told in icy essay form that it is much easier, and oh, so much more pleasant, to tell you what is really on my heart.

But I am getting away from my subject. In my last letter I suggested that possibly one of the reasons you wanted to join the Rotary club was that more than anything else you wanted to be known as a member of an organization to which the leaders of your city belonged. You ask me "Isn't that good enough reason and a perfectly proper one?" I am going to answer it by saying that it is a perfectly proper one, but hardly a good enough one. Often it is the chap who has no other reason than that who has to be dropped from membership. This, you understand, is not always the case by any means. For it often happens that such a fellow gets into a Rotary club for just that reason, but lo and behold the association with the other fellows and the inspiration that follows develops him into a thorough-going Rotarian. But it doesn't hurt anything for a man to know something about what he is going into and not go into it simply because others do, or worse, just to keep someone else out.

You say you are confident that it is merely an oversight that you have not been asked to join; that there is no one else in the furniture classification who would have a show of getting in. I am glad that you are getting along so nicely. Some time write me the reasons why your competitors would not be eligible for membership. I would like to know this as a matter of interest and it might throw some light on the subject.

I'm sorry that you haven't found time to read the little Rotary pamphlet which I inclosed in my last letter to you. I believe it would be a good thing if you would do this before you go into the matter of how to get into Rotary.

Your mother had a nice letter from Madge yesterday and she wrote that the babies were having a grand time. I know you will be glad when they return home.

Your loving,

DAD.

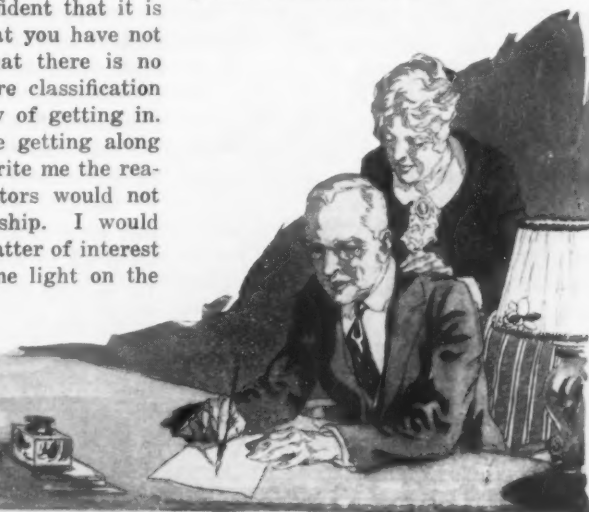
Aug. 8, 1922.

DEAR JOHN:

I am certainly glad that you have taken the time to read the little pamphlet, "A Talking Knowledge of Rotary," which I sent you several weeks ago.

You say, "It looks well on paper, but how does it work out in actual practice?" My boy, it actually works better than it looks on paper. The reason is that Rotary is an idea which has gone on evolving its many phases until it has firmly enmeshed itself into the very lives of those who live it—mind you, I say those who live it. These men, of course, are the only ones qualified to define Rotary. But since it has become such an intimate part of their attitude toward life they find it difficult to define and explain Rotary by means of cold type, just as it is difficult to define and explain life itself. It is a living, throbbing reality that, as I have said, actually works even better than it looks. You really have to live it, rather than read about it, to understand just what a forceful thing it is.

Your question, "Of what actual, real benefit to me would membership in the Rotary club be?" is mighty important. I am going to answer that question by saying that such membership *per se* would be of absolutely no value to you. The only benefits you would receive as such would be those of a parasite. However, if as a member of a Rotary club, you were sensible to your individual responsibilities and studied and practiced Rotary, you would receive one of the greatest benefits (Cont'd on page 54)



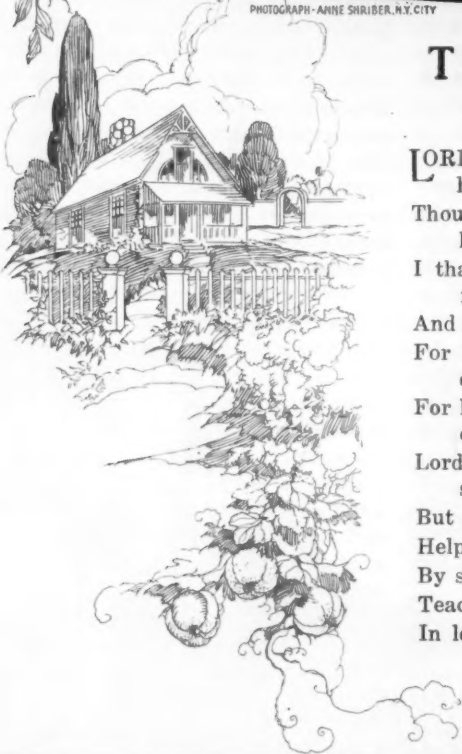


PHOTOGRAPH - ANNE SHIRBER, N.Y. CITY

THANKSGIVING

By Mary Davis Reed

LORD, I thank Thee that with lavish hand
Thou dost spread plenty o'er this smiling land;
I thank Thee for the harvests which we reap;
And for each trust Thou givest us to keep;
For homes and loved ones placed within our care;
For health and strength we have in generous share;
Lord, I thank Thee for all that Thou dost send;
But most of all, for every faithful friend.
Help me to serve; and let me ever see
By serving others, I am serving Thee.
Teach me to love; Thy law to thus fulfill;
In love and service, let me do Thy will.



Who's Your Friend?

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustrations by Garrett Price

WHAT I mean to say is something like this—we have a white dog at our house, one of the fluffy sort of fox terrier dogs with white hair and a palate that seems to react more joyously to a juicy chunk of mail-carrier's calf than to a kiln-dried dog biscuit; and out here in Flushing the mail-carriers are simply sick and tired of having pieces bitten out of their calves. That, I suppose, is because most of them are married and hate to go home to a poor tired wife at the end of the day with the calf of one leg showing a large concave indentation or gulf. Nothing annoys a mail-carrier's tired wife more than to have her husband come home about six o'clock in the evening with a large chunk of calf in one hand and to have him say, "Darling, Butler's dog has bitten another piece out of my calf; I wonder if you would mind sewing it on again?" Very often this happens when the mail-carrier's wife is trying to hurry dinner on the table so that they may go to the movies, and it annoys her considerably.

There are a couple of mail-carriers in our town whose wives get so provoked when they are asked to do this same job over and over that they have quit bothering their wives about it, and when a dog removes a chunk of calf from them they return home quietly and get the liquid glue or the white library paste and glue the chunk back where it came from, but this is not satisfactory, either, because it is so damp out here on Long Island and the glue loosens up, and a mail-carrier hates to go about town with pieces of his calf falling off here and there. So the mail-carriers have formed Mail-Carriers' Union No. 1, and the first by-law of the union is "No mail will be delivered to houses that have dogs that bite us on the legs." Personally, I think this is a perfectly just rule. I do think it is a little peevish of a mail-carrier to complain when only one or two practically unnecessary pieces have been bitten off his legs, but when a

mail-carrier's under-pinnings begin to get whittled down so that there is practically no nourishment left on them I think he is well within his rights when he calls attention to Rule 1, if he does it pleasantly and not in a mean or spiteful tone of voice.

For these reasons we try to keep our dog in the house, especially during the first thirty or thirty-one days of the month, which are the days on which our trades-people send us bills and duns. If we let the dog out and the mail-carrier passes us by we might miss a communication from our grocer or coal man and never know that he was still willing to accept payment. And I remember one particularly annoying instance when our postman passed us by and a communication, neatly printed in imitation typewriting, from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mexican Lizards—and calling attention to the fact that a contribution of \$5 would permit me to be a Contributing Member, while a gift of \$1,000 would make me a Life Member—did not reach me until two days later. I still am annoyed when

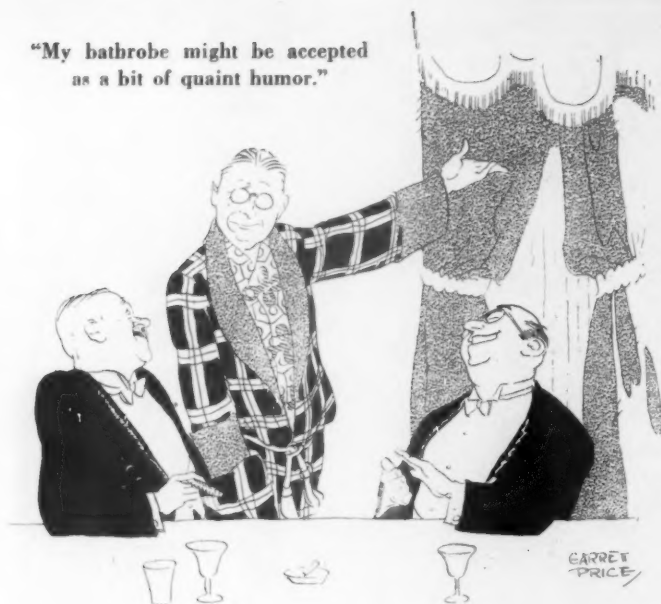
I think of this. As a business man I hate such delays in the delivery of my important mail.

YOU can see, I think, that when we decided that our dog should be no longer a calf-biter or, to use the technical term, a Mud-Hound or Outdoor Nuisance, it became necessary to launder him more or less frequently. Roughly speaking it is not classy to sport a white Rug-Hound or Indoor Nuisance that is the color of bituminous coal. It annoys a caller if she pats the family pet once or twice and then has to spend an hour or two with a can of lye and a scrubbing brush getting her hand white again. For this reason our dog is laundered from time to time and a small pinch of indigo in the second, or rinsing, water makes him a beautiful creature with silvery white hair and fit to associate with the best Flushing society. Now and then, however, General Andrew Pickens—that being our dog's name—makes a sudden dash when a door is opened and after two or three hours in the open returns looking as if soap had



"I do think it a little peevish of a mail-carrier to complain when only one or two practically unnecessary pieces have been bitten off his legs."

"My bathrobe might be accepted as a bit of quaint humor."



never been invented and water was a fluid used only to quench thirst.

There is no doubt that when General Andrew Pickens is out he has a good time. He is like the man who cries, "Now for the woods! Now for old clothes and no more shaving or bathing or any of that nonsense until vacation is ended!" When our dog makes his escape he leaves behind him, as one might say, the creased trouser and the clean white collar and the nail-file. He does not take his toothbrush with him, and the only shirt he takes is the one on his back. And when he returns he is a thoroughly non-parlor-looking dog. When he scratches on the door and is let in he shows that he knows he is not a presentable dog. He comes in with a shamed look in his eyes and his tail down, and he steals quietly to the kitchen and effaces himself there. He doesn't go into the living-room because he knows he would be out of place there; he is in no shape to mix with polite society. He knows it. He goes where he can curl up under a sink and associate with the dustpan and the lower end of the ironing-board, and other such lowly society.

Now, I claim that if a dog prefers the society of a dustpan and the lower end of an ironing-board to that of the classy human beings who assemble in the front part of the house, he has a right to prefer it and to congregate with it under the sink where it is, but our dog doesn't prefer it. What he likes best is to get right in the middle of the living-room, in the very bosom of good society, and repose there with his nose on his paws, listening to the *bons mots* and hoping for bonbons. General Andrew Pickens is never so unhappy as when he knows he looks like a second-hand floor mop and feels that the lower end of the ironing-board and the battered tin dustpan are about his

size and shape and grade. When that dog of ours sneaks out to the sink he is not choosing the companionship he desires but the companionship he thinks his soiled garb and general disreputable appearance dooms him to.

I think I have, personally, an inside edge on the dog, because — if I want to — I can usually

keep at least one clean collar in reserve and when millionaires or other royalty invite me out to tea I can wrestle with the ironing-board and the electric iron and put a crease in my society pants that is almost equal to the professional product. Thus I am better able to choose my friends and associates than the dog is, and if the spirit moves me I can press my trousers and put on the clean collar and without hesitation or qualm toddle over to Mrs. Spinks' house and be bored in a style equal to that of the very best people in her set. Or I can borrow a pair of mauve spats and fearlessly accept an invitation to the Biddlebury's tea. I can even tie a piece of black ribbon to my eye-glasses and hang my old wooden umbrella handle over my arm and partake of the afternoon

hospitality of the Vanderhootens as unabashedly as anyone, and feel as much at home as the best of them. My dog, on the other hand, has not yet grasped the ability to go down cellar, turn on the hot and cold water, manipulate the soap and the wash-blue, and give himself a beauty bath. This restricts his choice of companionship.

ROUGHLY speaking, I think every man and woman should strive to keep on hand the right sort of clothes to permit him or her to go forth without hesitation and enjoy whatever sort of companionship he or she desires. A man, for example, who longs to attend formal dinners where evening dress is imperative should strive to maintain a dress suit, because if his wardrobe is such that, when he takes off his business suit, he has nothing to put on but a bathrobe, he usually feels an innate reluctance to go to the banquet. My own feeling is that if I were confined to those two sorts of garments I would make a bigger hit at a banquet if I wore the bathrobe, but that is only because I have a reputation as a humorist and my bathrobe might be accepted as a bit of quaint humor. It is one I bought in Paris in 1908. Ordinary men, however, such as bill clerks, secretaries of state, presidents of crematories, bankers, and milkmen — and all women except authors of social-decay novels and free verse — should try to have on hand a style of evening dress more formal than the huckaback bathrobe if they wish to attend evening functions and feel really comfortable.

This same rule applies to garments for all occasions. Any great expenditure for clothes is unnecessary, but every human being feels some reluc-



"Thus I am better able to choose my friends and associates than the dog is. . . ."

tance in going where he knows he will look out of place. The right clothes, it has been said, give a woman a feeling of content only equalled and not surpassed by the sure knowledge that her soul is saved, and they give a man a feeling of preparedness that is first cousin to courage. No man can thoroughly enjoy himself or be at his best when he is thinking that he is the only man in the crowd who looks like a dish-rag at a convention of pocket-handkerchiefs.

This is not confined to the matter of full dress, either. It applies to all dress. In many towns and small cities the large white shirt-front and the vest with its chest protecting portion bit out are not considered human attire but an evidence of mental weakness, and they are worn only by church-choir tenors and visiting lyceum lecturers. In these places the proper banquet costume and the wear of the best society on all occasions is the business suit, either with or without the button of the Admirable and Eminent Order of the Sons of Success—or some other lodge—in the lapel. But in these places you find the same bitter regrets stinging some bosoms when the Chamber of Commerce banquet comes around, or when Mr. and Mrs. Ooplah Riches requests the presence of your company, 8:30 P. M.—dancing. Then John P. Smith takes a look at his business suit and observes that it looks like something the cat brought in and that the dog has been sleeping on since April 3d last, and he sees that the knees and elbows look as if they had been shaved and then sand-papered, and that there are eight spots of red ink on the left leg of the trousers, and he sends his regrets and bites a piece out of the top of the bureau, in his anger and remorse. Bill C. Jones, on the other hand, gives his natty business suit a lookover, scrubs the soup stain from the lapel with the wet face-rag, and trots right along and has a good time and is happy. He dances twice with Mrs. Morpheus K. Duttz and she invites him to join the Tuesday Evening Club, and ten days later she drops into his place and buys from him the automobile she had intended to buy in Chicago.

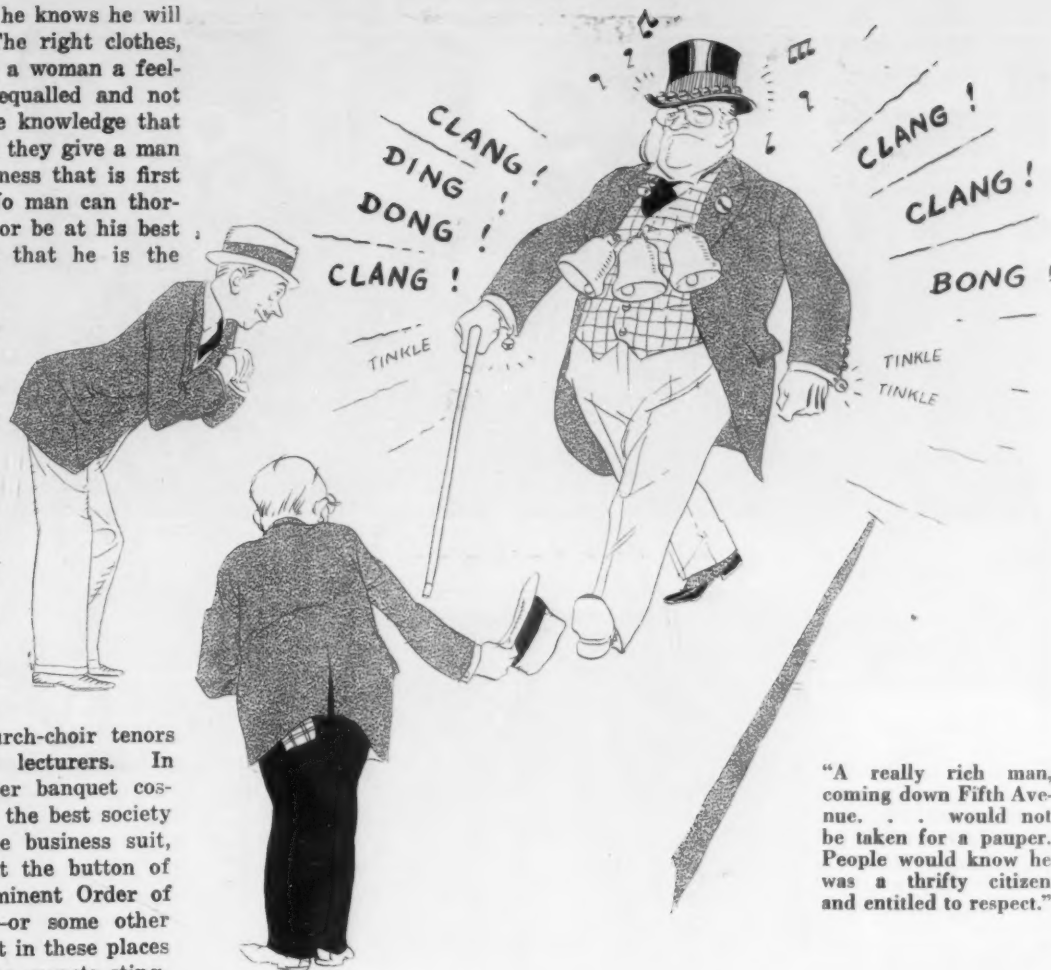
I think there is no question that a man is more comfortable in any group if he is dressed, sartorially and mentally, more or less as that group is dressed. He feels more at home in the group. He feels more as if he belonged there. Even a lion if he wants to associate with jack-asses, will find them

more friendly and willing to accept him as an equal and companion if he wears an ass's skin when he goes to their party. That clothes do not make the man has been reiterated innumerable times, and it is a truth, but it is equally true that a great many men and women draw back from companionships and friendships they would enjoy and that would profit them, and they do so because the clothes they happen to have would make them feel out of place and uncomfortable.

THE same is true in a lesser way of houses and furniture and such things. If our furniture is old and disreputable looking, or our furnace leaves the house as cold as a barn, these things sometimes prevent us from eager affiliation with a group we will have to invite to our home. Gradually we give up some friends we would like to keep and confine our friendships to those whose homes are no better than ours. I don't believe that is very good; the friends we sift down to may be the best people in the world, too. It is a pity to give them up. And from a purely worldly point of view it is not good at all to get so completely out of the living-room or to begin to class ourselves, although unconsciously, with the dustpan and the lower end of that ironing board un-

der the sink. Before long we begin to think we belong there, and that that is the sort of folks we are, and that we never were any better than a dustpan and never can be any better. We get to thinking of ourselves as under-the-sink people, and there we stay. We begin to be satisfied to be cheap and poor and untidy and hand-to-mouth, and that is not so good for us.

A boy may have a dog that is an absolute mutt, a regular yaller dorg out of the gutter, and that dog may be the best friend and most faithful companion that boy has in the world. It may be the kindest and wisest and most affectionate dog in seven counties, and I think that boy would be a mighty mean boy if he tied a can to that dog's tail and chased it off the lot and got rid of it, because a true friend is a true friend whether he comes from under the sink or out of the parlor; but there is no denying that if he tried to get that dog into a real dog show he would not have a chance in the world—that is, provided, of course, he was interested in getting him into a dog show and he thought dog shows were important. That dog is not in the dog-show class. And it is also true that a dog of the dog-show class can also be the best friend and most faithful companion and (Continued on page 69)





**Rotary Boys'
Band,
Independence,
Kansas.**



**At Right—
Ponsonby's
Boys' Band,
Auckland,
New Zealand.**



**Rotary Boys'
Band,
Gainesville,
Texas.**



*The boy drum-major, carriage erect,
and with lively step, symbolizes the
spirit of the boys' band.*



**Rotary Boys'
Band,
Long Beach,
California.**



Above—
Rotary Boys'
Band of
Jefferson City,
Missouri.



At Left—
Rotary Boys'
Band of
Franklin,
Pennsylvania.

YOU and I are standing at a street corner and a boy's band goes swinging by. What does that mean to us? What should it mean? Well, if we have average appreciations we shall like the smart uniforms, our pulses will quicken at the martial music, and we might, perhaps marvel a bit at the intricate juggling by the tall drum-major. We shall be pleased that these youngsters have had a chance to get musical training; and we may conclude that such a band is good advertising for its town.

All this is very good—and fairly obvious. But citizens of more than twenty towns could explain to us that these benefits are only the beginning. The important thing is that unseen parade which follows the band, the invisible ranks of future citizens—ranks in which these young bandmen will some day pass the reviewing stand of public opinion. The actions of today largely determine whether these young musicians will step smartly at the head of this future parade, or slouch along in the mob of camp followers.

Music has civic as well as individual aesthetic value. The primitive man

Drums of Destiny

The boys' band leads the parade of future citizens

BY ARTHUR MELVILLE

who discovered that a hollow log gave forth an interesting boom when hit with a club, discovered almost simultaneously that this was a splendid way to express his ego, that in certain moods this pounding was a wonderful way to communicate feeling. In fact, certain tribes still use drums for their jungle telegraphy because they carried this idea a bit farther and invented a whole code of drum signals instead of sticking to the dance rhythms. Instinctively when we are very happy, very hurt, or very angry, we make a noise and proclaim the fact. Civilization brought a sorting-out process which gave modern man a special sort of noise appropriate to each occasion, and thus we acquired speech and music.

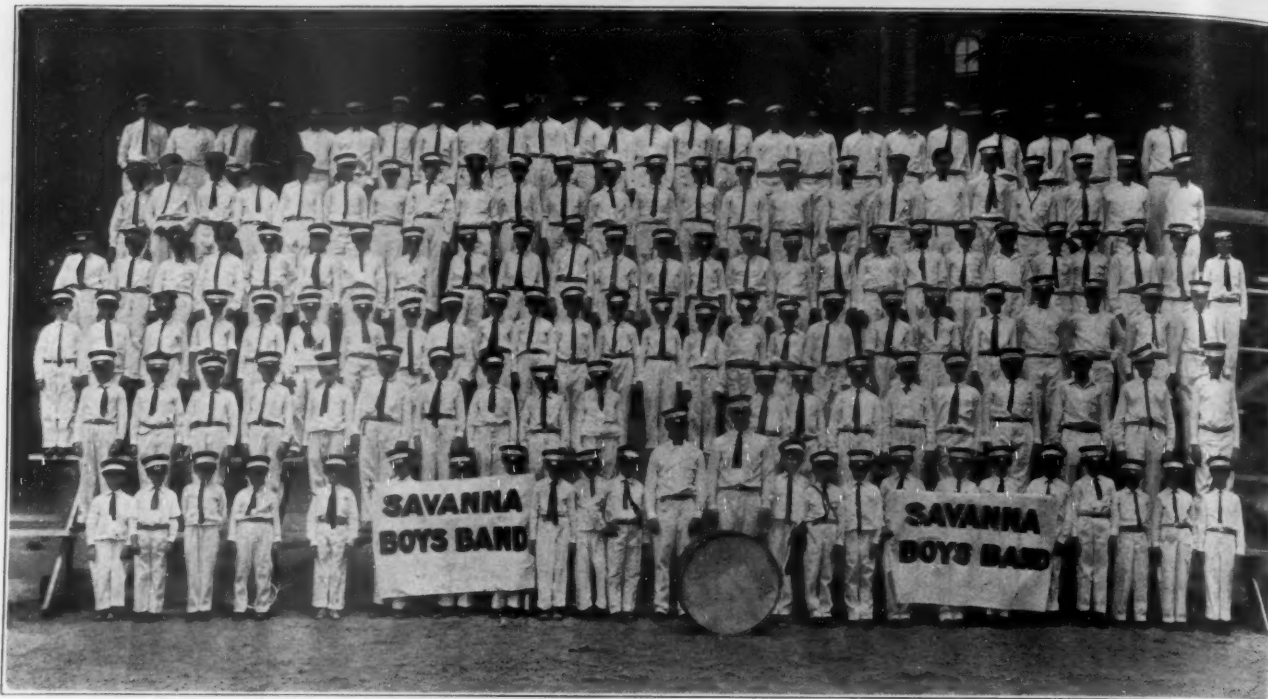
I mention these details because I still remember the favorite quotation of one of my professors: "Ontogeny repeats phylogeny."

Or in less-technical terms the history of the individual is a summary of the history of the race. So the boy, who is still so close to the primitive that he thoroughly enjoys pounding a tin pan or drawing a stick across palings, is really expressing his

desire for communication. It is for his elders to capitalize this instinct and put it to work for civic ends—and herein lies the opportunity of the boy's band.

How well this opportunity has been realized is shown when we learn that some cities have spent as much as \$20,000 on a boys' band, and called it a good investment. Generally speaking you cannot extract that much money from business men without fairly definite returns. What are these tangible profits of a boys' band? I have already mentioned some of the more apparent, but it seems to me that the most important dividends are still to be listed.

When I began this article I had a long talk with a music critic. I was particularly anxious to know just what a band could do for the boy that



There are nearly two hundred young bandmen in Savanna, Illinois. The bands are under the supervision of the local school board and each of the different schools has its own band, and on special occasions these are combined for concerts.

could not be done by musical education at home, and what was the relation of boys' bands to other kinds of music. Briefly, his reply was this: If you had an organ you could get fourteen varieties of tone at once; if you had a band you could get many more; if you had a symphony orchestra you could get still more; and if you supplemented your orchestra with human voices which are the most flexible of musical instruments, you could secure the greatest range possible. Now the value of the band from the musician's standpoint, lies in the fact that it teaches the boy to play one instrument and encourages him to try others—in short, it leads him towards the higher forms of musical composition, whereas at home he is apt to confine his efforts to one or two instruments. In other words, the band suggests more possibilities in music, and the bigger the incentive the easier it is to keep the boy interested.

SO much for the purely musical aspect of bands. How about the civic qualities? Well, playing in a band inculcates discipline. The fact that the boy is an integral part of a group is emphasized at every step. The uniform inspires neatness; the rehearsal, punctuality; the marching, poise; and the conductor's baton is the symbol of things which an individual must obey for the good of the whole. Then the band takes the player into the open air which gives him health, and often it is the means of introducing him to other towns and to people

of achievement. His band gives him a new pride in his own school or town, and it appeals to his lurking ambition to have an active—and preferably prominent—part in the affairs of his community.

Then there is one other thing the band does which is of the highest im-



The long and short of it is that boys of all ages, sizes, and races, find a place in the boys' bands of Savanna, Illinois.

portance to the city, it gives the boy a definite objective. On this point my friend, the music critic, had some interesting ideas. "It's like this," he said, "if you are not feeling well and the doctor tells you to exercise, to walk more, for instance, that doctor hasn't done his best for you. What he should do is to tell you to walk a certain distance each day; to go to some particular place; to bring back a twig from some specific tree; he should give you something definite to accomplish. Human nature isn't satisfied with vague directions; it demands something concrete. And to be most effective the objective should be made continuous as well as definite."

If you stop to consider there's much common-sense in that. One of the fascinating things about sports is that there is always some definite thing to achieve; more goals to kick, less strokes to take, or a new play to learn. But sports are more or less seasonal, while with a band there are no seasons, there is always the new piece to learn, or a new way of trilling notes, or a new tempo to experiment with—winter and summer. There is an unending series of things to be accomplished; a lasting challenge to persistence and ingenuity.

The boy often suffers from a superabundance of energy which must be worked off somehow. Just how it shall be done means much to him and to his home town. If his elders are wise enough they will furnish opportunities that will tend to the general good; if they do not (Continued on page 37.)

Women and Rotary

A statement relating to the much-debated question of Women's Rotary Clubs

BY A. F. GRAVES

*Vice-President of Rotary International—
Association for Great Britain and Ireland*

A MOVEMENT such as Rotary, with aims and objects which are declared to be to advance universal ideals — Service in Business, high ethical standards, international goodwill, world-fellowship — cannot be allowed to become static even though its original constitution imposed rigid limitations in certain directions. What would have happened to the church in the years of its early growth if such an attitude had been adopted?

As humanity progresses and develops so must Constitutions be altered to fit the needs of new times and circumstances. No one can tell in advance in what new direction Idealism will move.

PRACTICE

Assured as I am of the rightness of advance, the continued forward outlook and the need for repeated adaptation of Rotary to meet the world's needs, I am not alarmed at proposals to extend its influence and do not bristle up like a porcupine at the touch of something unexpected and new. Rather I try quietly to examine the pros and cons of the question, hoping to arrive at a righteous (i. e., a right wise) solution.

Let us, in this spirit, examine the question of permitting women to use the word "Rotary" in the title of clubs founded on Rotary principles.

APPLICATION

In November, 1923, the Board of Rotary International — Association for Great Britain and Ireland, received an application signed by nine women of outstanding ability, representative and highly honored, requesting to be allowed to "form a Women's Club whose Constitution, aims and conduct shall conform to those by which men's Rotary Clubs all over the world are governed," while believing for many reasons which need not be detailed, it would be wiser for such a club to be entirely distinct from and independent of men's clubs the application held

that "co-operation and conference between business men and women united in upholding the high standard of Service before Self, would strengthen the efforts and progress of both and we are therefore anxious that the proposed organization should publicly proclaim its allegiance to Rotary Methods and Ideals by the title "The Women's Rotary Club" and we desire to ask whether the Rotary Club Council would sanction the adoption of this title by such a club."

Here, if you have ears to hear you can catch one of those stirrings of the deep wells of the human heart, seeking expression.

Let us examine the proposal more closely. We know that the Rotary Convention held at Duluth in 1912 could not see its way to grant a similar request made from the floor of the Convention; and that this year when the application mentioned above was referred by the R. I. B. I. Board to the International Board the reply of the

latter body was as follows: "The sentiment throughout Rotary seems to be that while Rotary favors the organization of Classification Clubs for Women in cities where there are enough women in business and professions to warrant the organization of such clubs and is willing to assist such clubs by giving them the benefit of Rotary experience along various lines and by friendly co-operation, Rotary is unwilling to grant its name to Classification Clubs made up of women or have such clubs become member clubs of Rotary International and participate in its conventions and other forms of administration."

This did not carry the matter very far and a Resolution was sent forward from the Torquay Conference to the International Board meeting at Toronto last June in the following terms—"That in the opinion of this Conference of Rotarians of Great Britain and Ireland, assembled at Torquay, the letter received from certain ladies, headed by Viscountess Rhondda on November 1st last, should receive the serious attention of the directors of Rotary International and requests the board to take steps to ascertain the considered opinion of Rotarians throughout the world on the question, with a view to giving a ruling thereon."

NEED FOR EDUCATION

It was thought desirable that before seeking such an expression of opinion the question should be ventilated in the pages of THE ROTARIAN, so as to enable the electorate who will have to decide the matter to know something of the reasons why many British Rotarians think the request should be acceded to. The position of women today in Great Britain where they have almost equal franchise with men, has entirely altered since 1912, when the decision was made at Duluth. Today they are occupying positions as officers (Continued on page 58)

A Question for Debate

A. F. (PAUL) GRAVES is a member of the Rotary Club of Brighton, England, and is at present Third Vice-President of R. I. B. I. (Rotary International—Association for Great Britain and Ireland). Apparently classification clubs for women are a novelty in Great Britain and Ireland, although such clubs have been active in North America for many years. The Altrusa, Zonta, Quota, and Pilot clubs, all belong to this group and have national or international organizations. Within the United States there are also many other groups of business and professional women which bear less similarity to Rotary.

Also some Rotary clubs have auxiliary organizations for the wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters of Rotarians. Then there are a very few isolated groups of business and professional women calling themselves Women's Rotary Clubs, though these groups have no connection with each other and are not officially recognized either by Rotary International or by any Rotary club. It has always been regretted that these groups could not see the impropriety of using the name "Rotary Club" without the sanction of the organization which originated that name.

The position of woman in business and the professions has undergone considerable change within the last few decades. What was once the unusual is now a commonplace. Woman has not only invaded precincts formerly sacred to the male, but she has often demonstrated that she is far better qualified to handle some affairs than any man could hope to be. The absence of many men during the war merely gave new impetus to a movement already well under way. Bearing all this in mind, there are great possibilities in classification clubs for women, particularly in those countries where their advance has been the greatest.

Paul Graves now presents this matter of Women and Rotary for everybody's consideration, and it is to be hoped that his suggestions will receive the careful judgment which the subject deserves. The Rotarian will be glad to have comments on this article, and to publish at least a few of those received.

Aesthetics in Business

"Beauty is the index of a larger fact than wisdom."—Holmes.

AFAMOUS advertising specialist said to me recently: "Twenty years ago if one had the courage to mention art to the average English-speaking business man, the average business man would give one a glassy stare and extend a hearty invitation for one to get hence. It was only a few years ago that a business man who acknowledged even a speaking acquaintance with art was classed with Oscar Wilde walking down Piccadilly with a lily in his hand. Things have changed in the past twenty years! Even a pre-Raphaelite would be admitted to the Rotary Club today and Leonardo de Vinci might be elected to a directorship in the Chamber of Commerce."

The art influence in business is becoming as notable on Main Street as it is on Fifth Avenue or Michigan Boulevard. Art has crept into practically every business from Mr. Einstein's Pantatorium on Twenty-second Street to the First National Bank on Bond Street. Today we see art in business as well as in the studio and the salon.

The prostitution of art for sordid commercial gain probably started when Sir John Millais, R. A., sold his famous painting, "Bubbles," to the makers of Pears' Soap for use on a calendar. When this event was noised abroad other artists and sundry commercial gentlemen yelped aloud in high derision. Other artists whose ability was much less than that of Sir John Millais, R. A., made savage and sneering remarks about a member of the Royal Academy who would prostitute his art for advertising purposes and for filthy lucre. Then they went home to their garret studios and secretly brooded over the envious proportions of the fee paid by the Pears' Soap people. Business men snorted disdainfully and said that Pears were literally throwing their money away. However, those very same men, had they

By HARRY BOTSFORD

lived long enough, would admit today that Pears have gone ahead, year after year, steadily increasing the volume of their business and that they have paid dividends with astonishing regularity.

Art has been creeping into our architecture of industrialism and it has been a tremendous influence for good, too. A year or so ago it was the good fortune of the writer to visit a plant where fine watches were made. We drove up before an imposing group of buildings that resembled an ancient castle more than it did a factory. Gray stone walls were covered with creeping, glossy green ivy; wistaria climbed over turrets, and in the vast lawn thousands of poppies nodded their crimson heads in cheerful welcome while a fountain bubbled and tinkled. Flowering shrubs and the dark green of evergreens spotted the grounds and peace brooded over the place; window boxes framed the wide windows and any worker could look up from work and see the cheerful serenity that made the place look like a beautiful home.

Inside the plant over a thousand men and women worked at intricate and delicate mechanisms. The soft whir-

ring of small machines filled the air. There was sunlight and fresh cool air aplenty in every department. Cleanliness was the rule; paintings, gay and colorful, covered the walls.

"Our workers like it," commented one of the officials. "In these surroundings they remain contented; they do better work; they make fewer mistakes and they are inordinately proud of the appearance of this plant. Our labor turnover is remarkably small—and our percentage of inspector-rejections is reduced to a minimum. Every plant and flower is paying us a dividend; every cent we have spent in making our plant appear to be not a factory is returning us dividends. It's been an investment, pure and simple, but one of the shrewdest ones we have ever made."

AUTOMATICALLY my mind swung back to other plants I had visited: barren bleak buildings, dirty and dingy and unpleasant to the eye. Plants where sunlight was at a premium in the workrooms and where lights burned all day long, causing eye-strain and nerve-fag. On the other hand, I have found plants and factories in widely diversified fields where the introduction of art into the architecture and surroundings have proven to be sound and practical investments without any question of doubt.

Remember the bank of yester-year? A gloomy, cold room where men peeked out from barred windows and where one felt the chill of the general atmosphere plus the chill that came of dealing with the cheerless individuals connected with the bank. Remember the cashier of the old-time bank: a cold, unapproachable man who firmly believed that the public had to have his services and would come a long way and stand a great deal in order to get it? One might have respected this type of banker but one never loved him!

Then aesthetics entered. Banking circles (Continued on page 42)

Putting Art Into Business

ABOUT a century ago, the only forms of business which went in for color were the stage and the saloon. The average office was as prosaic as a fireless cooker, and if any venturesome spirit bought a few pictures and some period furniture for the room in which he spent most of his waking hours, his alarmed relatives consulted an alienist.

Nowadays we have realized that aesthetic surroundings are good business as well as good taste. The office looks less like a jail or a morgue, and more like a library. The factory does not remind the workers of a reformatory, and the big stores are notable for the abundance of fresh air and sunlight in the aisles. An executive can have an oriental rug on his floor or flowers on his desk, but there is no mad stampede of worried creditors any more because of the fact.

Plenty remains to be done, but the business man no longer believes that art is something sacred to spinsters; nor does the artist consider that a manufacturer is necessarily a barbarian. We have discovered that people work better when they are happy, that they buy things that are attractively arranged, that beauty is not incompatible with goodness, and that a man can buy a wrought iron penholder without acquiring an option on the poorhouse.

In this article, Harry Botsford tells you how much has already been accomplished in and for business by a judicious blending of art and commerce.

Personal Experiences on the Platform

By HAROLD R. PEAT

FORTY-EIGHT below zero, and I stood on the doorstep of a home in Edmonton, Northern Alberta. I prayed the door might open quickly.

Brr-r-r-r.

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Tipp, what will you have today, besides the regular three pounds of coffee? Nothing? Very good, I'll call next Wednesday with the tea yes, pretty cold. Get up, Roscoe!" Roscoe is glad to move and so am I. Let anyone try to fool you and say that a fellow does not feel the cold in the far Northwest because it is a dry cold and the wind never blows and so forth, and taking his word for it you will regret the experience. It is cold and everyone feels it.

For five years, I had sold teas, coffees, and spices to the people of Edmonton, going from door to door, and in the Winter time which takes up the best part of the year up there, I was always glad to walk by the side of my faithful horse. Of course, the difference between twenty below and fifty below is not noticeable after you're used to it! However, for a chap of seventeen, as I was, there were good profits in teas, coffees, and spices and in Winter especially when housewives are not so keen to walk to the store.

And then the World War loomed across my somewhat limited horizon.

August of 1914 saw me a soldier. The first day at Valcartier Camp when there was a call for men who had soldiering experience, I did not care to be outdone, so I stepped forward with my good friend "Old Bill" who was a genuine veteran of the South African war. Bill is sitting in the room as I write this and I hear him laughing. . . . "Aye, the sergeant had only to take one look at you!"

Later, when I had become a real soldier and after the battle of Ypres in 1915 I wrote a letter to my friend Lynn Tipp, whose mother had been my most steady customer for teas, coffees, and spices. I described some of the incidents of the battle . . . the first com-



Harold R. Peat, author and lecturer, is better known as "Private Peat." He went to France with the famous First Canadian Contingent, many regiments of which were later merged with others because the remnant of the original was insufficient for even a skeleton battalion. When he became disabled he began to lecture, first to help win the war, and later in the hope of saving others from war.

ing of the poison gas, the wrecking of the Cathedral, the burning of the Cloth Hall. Lynn was excited (he suffered from lameness and could not soldier himself) and he had the letter published in the *Edmonton Journal* of May, 1915. It was the first thing ever written by me which appeared in print. Certainly it was an experience in common with millions of other men; some of us even got our photographs in the papers during the War for the first time too war is a wonderful medium of publicity.

I do not know how seeing their letters printed affected other chaps, but

for me I resolved that never again would I write another letter if my correspondent insisted on sending it to any publication. It gave me a sensation of terror.

Then, I finally got "knocked out" and was pronounced no longer fit for the front line. I came home . . . back to Edmonton. I was not home more than a week when my old Sunday School teacher insisted that I tell the class my "war experiences." But it was several Sundays before I appeared and then only after being shamed into so doing by my friends. As a public speaker my first (Cont'd on page 59)

I'd say: "Look here, Wolfe, you played me a mean trick twenty years ago. I know you for a thief and a liar; but in spite of that you taught me a lesson that I'll never forget . . ."

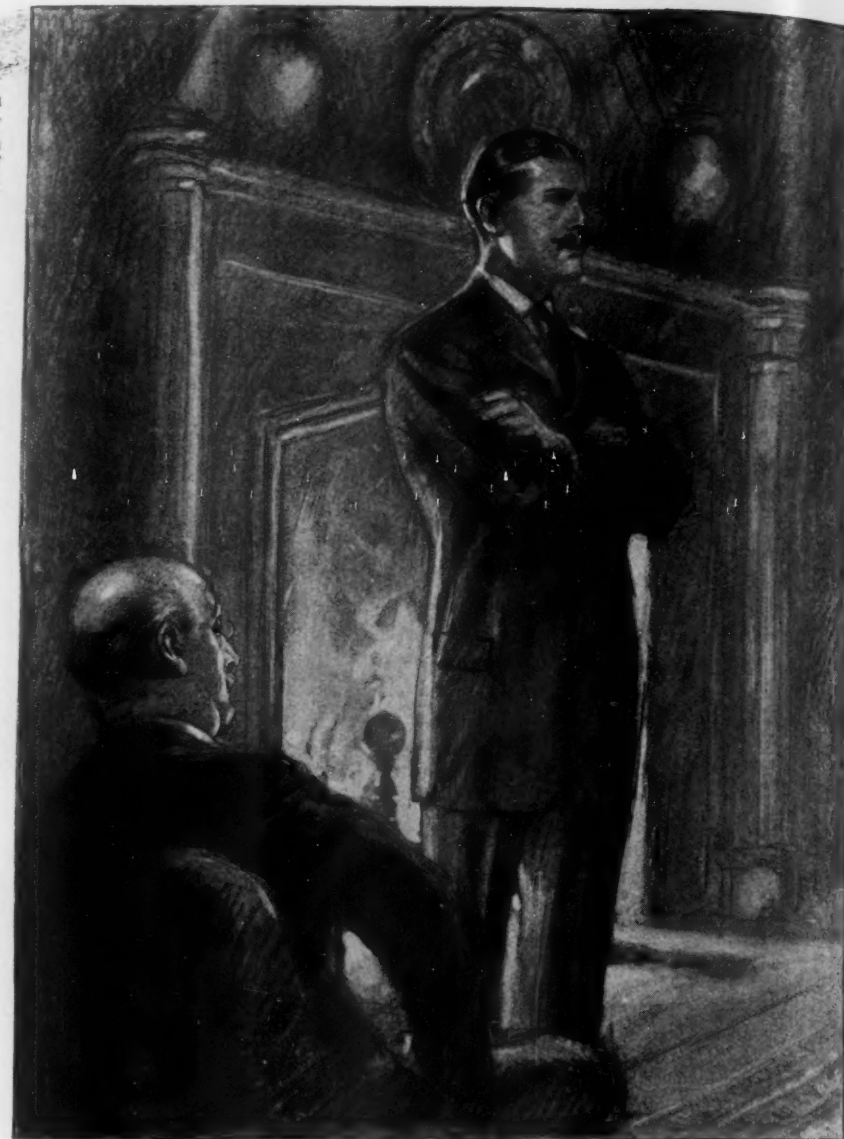
"**I**T ALL sounds very alluring, Mr. Benton, but it's well to remember that in oil leases, as in many another thing, 'all is not gold that glitters'."

It was Jackson Fox, the guest of honor, who spoke. He was a short, stolidly built man in the late forties, so well set up, and so skilfully tailored, that he appeared, if not tall, at least of medium height. He was a newcomer to Riverton. He had purchased a fine estate north of the town; and had already made himself solid with the women of the community because of his unfailing devotion to an invalid wife. Colonel Ripley, who knew him in a business way and was responsible for his advent in Riverton, was giving him a stag dinner at the Country Club.

There were ten of them, counting the Colonel and Jackson Fox: The White twins (commonly called "the cherubs" because despite their weight of years they still resembled those immortal babes of Raphael's)—Tom Curry, a local banker—Richard Whiteside, who was accompanied by John Benton, a cousin of his wife's who was stopping in Riverton a day or two—Dr. McKay—his young assistant, Markham, and George Marshall, pastor of All Souls' Church, and the friend of the whole town.

The dinner was over, and the night being cold and stormy the Colonel had ordered a fire on the hearth, about which they were all lounging comfortably. The question of oil fields in Oklahoma had arisen, because John Benton, Whiteside's guest, had been down there looking over some property, which accounted for this unexpected visit to his cousins, in their mid-western home. John had already made one fortune in oil, and was well on the way to another. He had been telling some of his experiences to an interested audience, and it was as he paused in his narrative that Jackson Fox spoke his words of warning.

John Benton looked up with sudden interest. Fox had been very quiet until then and save for a handclasp at their introduction John had scarcely noticed him, having been engrossed during the excellent dinner with an appeal for a certain charity that passionately absorbed George Marshall, whose plea had ended with the promise of a



The Guest of Honor

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

substantial check from Benton. Now he looked rather searchingly at Fox, whose words had brought to life an old memory.

"'All is not gold that glitters,'" he repeated. "There's nothing truer, be it oil leases or human beings. I never hear that old adage without thinking of the Ward brothers, old friends of mine in the East, and the way they got—'stung'—if you'll pardon the expression."

"Tell us about it," urged the doctor.

"But—haven't I already monopolized the conversation since dinner?"

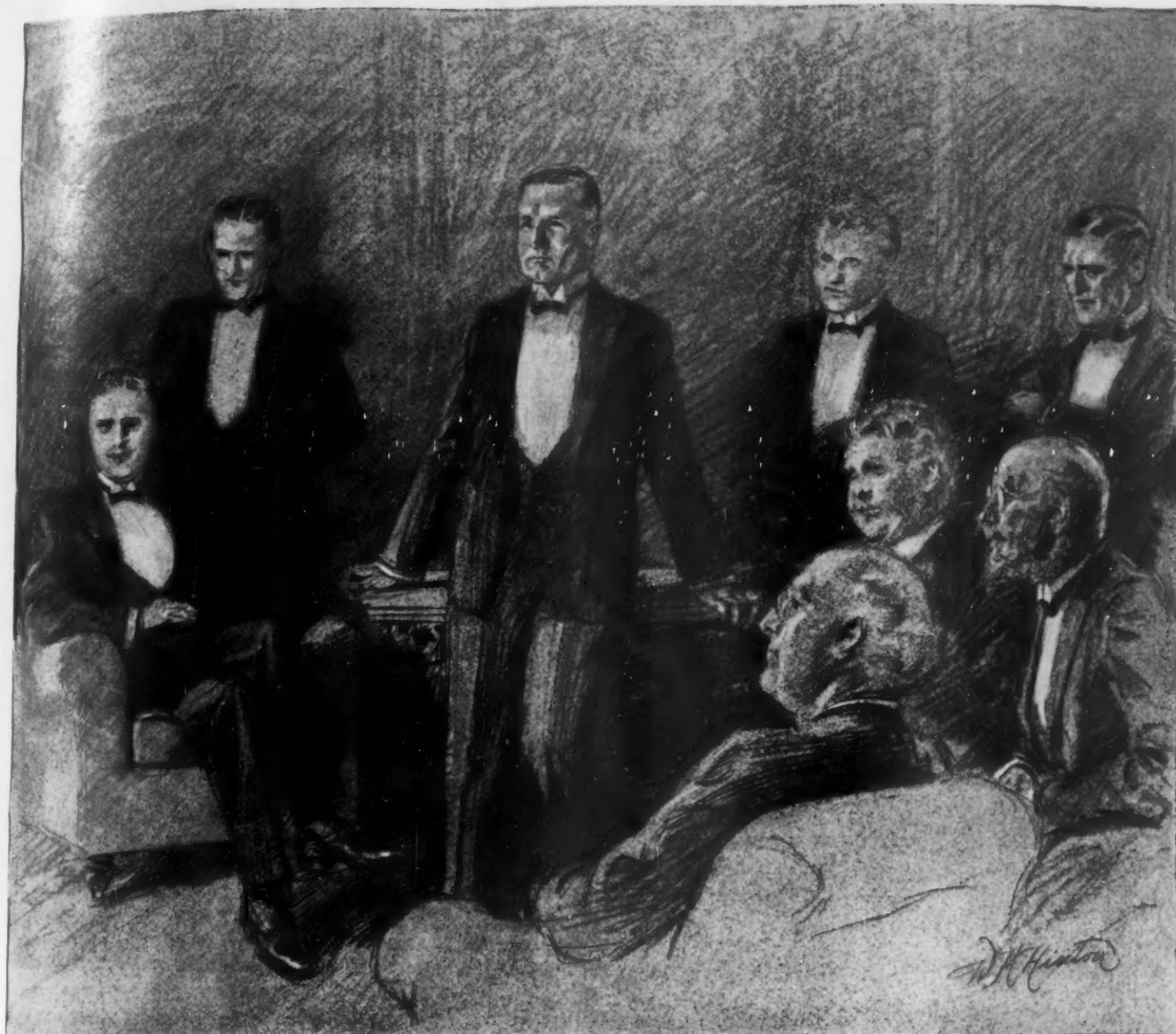
Benton smiled: the winning smile that had been a heart-destroyer years before, and might be yet, despite the fact that he was still a bachelor.

"Oh, fire ahead," pleaded the Colonel. "We've all had experience with being stung, so it's comforting to know that

others have been there, too. Who were these Ward boys—and what was their special brand of tinsel that resembled gold?"

BENTON was looking thoughtfully into the fire. "It's a small-town story," he began, "of the place I came from—one of those fine New England towns not too far from the city to be provincial, yet with a country flavor that should give its young people a healthful outlook on life. The Ward boys grew up there, along with a crowd of their own age who were almost like brothers and sisters—seasoned, of course, by occasional newcomers to introduce the spirit of Romance.

"The Wards were near of an age and got on better than most brothers. They both liked sports and had a good deal in common. Left to themselves



*A story of youth's disillusionment —
quiet identification—and a crook reformed.*

Illustration by W. H. Hinton

they might have developed all right, but they lived with an aunt, who was, I fear, something of a snob; and besides—they had too much money."

Benton paused a moment; then glanced at the group of listeners, his eyes resting apologetically on the guest of honor, who was staring somewhat absently into the fire.

"Am I boring anybody?"

"What do you mean by 'too much money'?" asked Jackson Fox, with a sudden lifting of his bull-like neck.

"I mean that they were a bit spoiled. They could have about anything they wanted—though I'll admit that their tastes were not extravagant save in the matter of tailors and horses. They liked good horses and good clothes, which was well enough; but it is not well for young chaps of their age to have no responsibilities, and the Ward

boys, unlike the rest of their crowd, didn't even pay their board. It never occurred to them to suggest it—nor would their aunt have accepted it had they done so. Then, too, they were tremendously popular, and were aware of it. No party was quite a success without them, and they knew it only too well. Jerry could do about as he pleased with the girls—and he did it, remaining fancy free save in one instance: a brown-eyed girl—but—a la Mr. Kipling, 'that's another story.'

"YOU see, things drifted along until the Wards were about twenty-two and three. They'd been living the normal life of a town like ours—riding, driving (this was before the days of motors), picnics on the river—dances in the old Town Hall—informal Sunday night suppers with the crowd, and so

on. In these days of frantic speed that may sound dull, but it wasn't dull then. There were, of course, occasional theater parties in the city, and the usual amusements of the country town. The summer people were beginning to invade the village, rather to the distress, I fear, of some of the natives. Times were changing—just a little—and at this psychological moment the Ward boys met—Wolfe."

"Enter—the tinsel," said the Colonel dramatically, as Benton paused.

"You shouldn't anticipate my story, Colonel," said John, laughing. "There was surely nothing that resembled tinsel in Wolfe's appearance. He was older than the Wards, by several years—was employed in a banking house in the same building with Jerry (did I mention that Jerry was a banker?), and seemed in every way highly respectable. They met him at a dance in the city, to which they were invited by some new friends among the summer population. Wolfe seemed instantly attracted to the Wards, and invited Jerry to lunch (Continued on page 65.)

The Roll Call of the Red Cross

Some of the practical aspects of the service achieved by an international "friend in need"

AN amazing example of what mental therapy can do for the shell-shocked victims of the war and others whom the conflict rendered unable to take up the burdens of peace is being daily shown at the United States Naval Hospital at Great Lakes, Illinois. In this institution remarkable cures are being accomplished under the direction of Capt. C. M. DeValin, Medical Corps, U. S. N., and his staff of assistants. Hundreds of ex-service men have returned to civil life able to take their old positions or to assume new tasks because the occupational work given them in this hospital has made them over into capable, efficient workers.

While the work of mental therapy is directed by Captain DeValin, American Red Cross workers are contributing valuable assistance. Their part is to see that the men under treatment have no home worries.

Every man is interviewed by Red Cross workers immediately after his admission. His testimony as to home conditions, health, and economic dependence of his wife and children, and all other information regarding his family are taken in minute detail. Should examination of the report show that the patient's family is in need, the Red Cross Chapter in his home locality is communicated with and the necessary assistance regularly given. Thus, the factor of worry, so dangerous in this class of patient, is eliminated, and inevitably from then on his recovery is more rapid.

By long association with this type the Red Cross workers have found that neuropsychiatric cases, "N. P." cases as they are called, require and must receive the most sympathetic and patient treatment. Most of these men are easily discouraged, very conscious and supersensitive of their ailment. The constant encouragement of a genuine interest is required to help

them over periods of depression and hopelessness. This encouragement they constantly receive, not only from doctors and nurses, but from the regular staff of Red Cross workers attached to the Great Lakes hospital. The latter render valuable assistance to the naval personnel at the hospital by smoothing out difficulties in the way of Government compensation, which often prove as retarding a factor in the patient's recovery as that of family worry. One illustration of what the Red Cross workers can do in this respect is typical of many:

Prior to service Mr. S., now a patient at Great Lakes Hospital, was a dealer in furniture and a steady worker. At the time he entered the army he was about ten years older than the average soldier, and of very poor physique. One day fire broke out in a train of freight cars at the camp. Gas was escaping from containers within the cars and a catastrophe threatened. Mr. S. was among others who volunteered to rush

the leaking containers out of the cars. The nerve-wracking strain of this experience proved too much for the debilitated man. For nearly four years after his discharge from the army he attempted to readjust himself to civilian life. His condition made this impossible and finally he was admitted to Great Lakes for treatment. His case was diagnosed as neuro-circulatory asthenia. An attempt was made to secure Government compensation for his disability, but the U. S. Veterans Bureau correctly replied that the disability was not traceable to army service, according to the papers in the case.

Not understanding this, Red Cross workers at the hospital began an exhaustive search of all correspondence relating to the case of Mr. S. The mistake was then found. The examiner who first went over Mr. S. had unintentionally dated his papers 1923 instead of a date in 1919, only seventeen days after

Mr. S. received his honorable discharge. Mr. S. is now receiving compensation for temporary total disability during his period of hospitalization, which promises a complete recovery.

TOO often in the past it has been found impossible to rehabilitate this class of patient because he was intensely and secretly concerned with outside worries. In eliminating these, the trained Red Cross worker permits unimpeded contact between doctor and patient with the happy result of a large percentage of cures. Thus ailments which were once thought incurable are being banished and men whose minds and nerves were affected by trying experiences in the service of their country once more become normal, useful citizens.

This opening up of a happy future for the mentally or physically disabled veteran is a task that thousands of patient workers (Continued on page 43.)



Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

This month read the story of a
Rotarian known to a great many people—

F. D. Van Amburgh—Silent Partner

BY EDITH M. BURTIS

SOME men are born to be rulers, others are endowed with the spirit of comradeship—the ability to see life through the eyes of the other man, to sense the heartaches, the longings, the limitations and the weakness of a man; and by a word, a look, a kindly gesture lift him up from the depths of depression, indecision, and anxiety and set him on the right road again, cheered by new hope, inspired by new ideas, strengthened by bigger and better ideals.

Fred Van Amburgh, editor of *The Silent Partner* and member of the Rotary Club of New York City, belongs in the "comrade" class; and he is happy in his class, since his big ambition, to use his own words, is "to help men up the hill."

"Service Above Self," the Rotary principle is his plan of living and working. I have been his business partner for nearly nine years, and I can honestly attest to the fact that the Rotary principle of "Service Above Self" is his daily plan of life.

The Silent Partner, to Fred Van Amburgh, is more than a pocket magazine; it is more than a means of livelihood; it is his contribution of service to the world; and nothing makes him happier than the evidence of its usefulness and value to the world as reflected by the enthusiastic and loyal support of men and women who have read it continuously for years and have become its friends and sponsors.

Fred Van Amburgh and *The Silent Partner* are inseparable. You cannot disconnect one from the other; the magazine is an expression of his thoughts, just as his address, "How to Fail," has been called *The Silent Partner* in action. The first section of "How to Fail" is the result of his varied experience; the second, also a lively portrayal of his experience told and acted in characteristic manner. Is it not unusual for a man to hold himself up to ridicule and laughter, that men may see themselves as others see them? Well, that is what Van Amburgh does in "How to Fail."

The little magazine has been called unusual; so, too, is Fred Van Amburgh unusual; yet he is today, when fifty-eight years young, a man with an ambition not to acquire wealth, but to

gain by service the love and respect of mankind.

From his early childhood and for many years, an inexplainable, intangible force seems to have driven him hither and thither, through highways and byways, in the dark valleys and on the high bright hills, experiencing adventures sad and glad, sordid and lofty, ugly and beautiful—a driving force, restless, and, at times, seemingly useless, but which served to develop not a preacher, nor a teacher but a reacher after hearts and minds—a man with an understanding heart capable of reaching out by word and deed and helping others to find the long, straight road that leads, through service, to happiness and prosperity.

Fred Van Amburgh did not come into the world "with a silver spoon in his mouth"; he was denied one of the greatest assets of childhood, the companionship of brothers and sisters; his mother was a strict disciplinarian of the old school; so it is reasonable to believe that he was not spoiled. His parents were practical, industrious country folk, satisfied to cling close to old and familiar surroundings. Not always were they able to understand or explain the ways of the visionary, highly imaginative, adventure-seeking son, with always a question on his lips and a far-away look in his eyes.

The boats and barges that docked in the canal harbor of the little town where he spent his childhood were as fairy ships to his eyes, the means to the great beyond over and away from the majestic hills that silhouetted and shut in the quiet valley where he played



F. D. Van Amburgh was born in Newburgh, New York, in 1886. He has been successfully tow-path worker, railway telegrapher, prospector, real-estate and insurance agent, broker, editor, and publisher. All the knowledge gained in this range of occupations finds a place in the pages of his inspiring little magazine "*The Silent Partner*."

at make-believe and learned his primer lessons.

Later, by driving on the towpath, back and forth for forty-six times across the state of New York, he earned the opportunity for more schooling and for a glimpse of the big world that seemed always to call him on.

I HAVE seen the long steep hill he later climbed twice daily from his home in the village to the railroad station where he learned telegraphy. Even in this day of good roads, this now widened path is one that the wise motorist shuns and over which careful drivers walk their horses; and one can well imagine that come winter, come spring, this was at the time of his youth a journey to steel the nerves and harden muscle.

Then not so very far away from this hill-high railroad station is another on the banks of a river, low in the valley, a gloomy, lonely (*Cont'd on page 54.*)

Industrial Conditions the World Over

A review of "The New World of Labor" by Dr. Sherwood Eddy — a startling summary of labor conditions

BY MILES H. KRUMBINE

A SIA is now in the beginning of a great industrial revolution. Such an industrial revolution in the middle of the eighteenth century, from 1760 to 1832, gradually transformed rural England into a manufacturing country. In the nineteenth century it extended over Europe and America. In the twentieth century it has entered the Orient as a terrific invasion." These are the opening words of a new book entitled "The New World of Labor," (George H. Doran Company, New York, publishers) written by that very significant figure in the social and religious life not only of his native country, the United States, but of the world, Dr. Sherwood Eddy. Through nine chapters he gives us a somewhat hasty though very readable summary of the labor situation in the principal countries in Europe and Asia as well as the United States. Quite against the general habit in such a rapid survey, the book is singularly free from injudicious and unconvincing generalization. Dr. Eddy argues and argues well. He hammers out conclusions and they are often startling. But he never slides off the base of fact.

So, following his striking opening paragraph, he gives us a thrilling account of the present industrialization of China. 295,000,000 workers are gainfully employed, "the largest number of any country in the world, or more than seven times the working force in the United States. Here, where the struggle for life is the fiercest on earth, it is not surprising to find the Chinese the hardest working race, for they can overwork and under live any other nation." It is a sorry tale of exploitation and suffering. Children from six to twelve years of age work twelve hours for from three to twelve cents a day. Over seventy per cent of all the laborers in China work seven days a week; forty per cent of the population lives under the poverty line.

"Haunted by the fear of starving, men spend themselves recklessly for the sake of a wage. . . . Physicians agree that carrying coolies rarely live beyond forty-five or fifty years. The term of chair-bearers is eight years, of a ricksha runner four years; for the rest of his life he is an invalid. The city coolie sleeps on a plank in an airless kennel on a filthy lane with a block for a pillow."

During the last decade Chinese trade has increased six hundred per cent. Her cities are flourishing, wealth is increasing, labor is becoming organized. "The day of labor acquiescing in its own exploitation is passing forever," says Dr. Eddy.

From China, Eddy takes us to Japan, assuring us that "no nation in history so quickly learned the arts of war, of commerce and of material prosperity, and perhaps none will more quickly

learn the art of peace." During the war Japan doubled her manufacturing capacity, adding fourteen thousand new factories. She increased her banking business four-fold. She decreased her national debt until it is today the lowest of any of the allied nations and only about one twenty-fifth that of the United States. In thirty years her factory workers increased from twenty-five thousand to over a million and a half. Her per capita wealth increased from \$250 to \$765 between the years of 1904 and 1919. The number who paid income tax on fortunes over \$50,000 increased during the war from twenty-two to three hundred and thirty-six. Her trade increased in the short half century since she entered the modern world in 1868 from \$13,000,000 to \$2,141,000,000 in 1920, or more than one hundred and sixty fold.

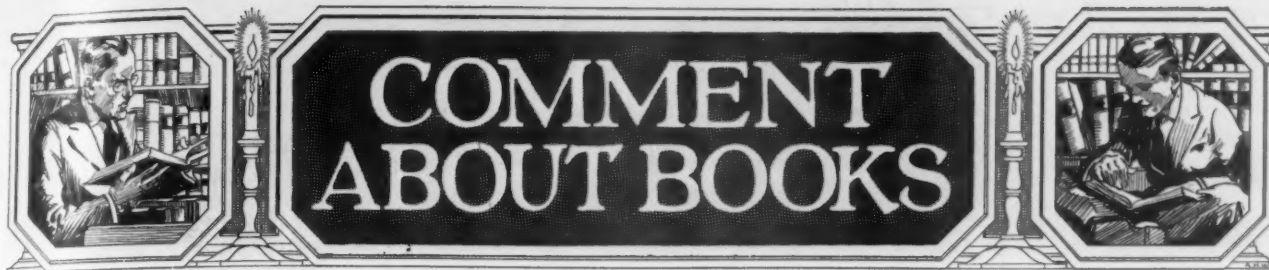
The other side of the picture is as depressing as this is hopeful. "Fourteen families practically control the wealth and industries of the country. The Mitsui Company alone, with a working capital of \$100,000,000 does one-third of the entire import-and-export business of the empire, while the Mitsubishi family controls and operates the leading steamship line." The average wage paid by the leading industries in Tokyo is less than fifty cents a day.

THE report of the Bureau of mines showed that the number of miners employed at the end of June, 1920, was 439,159, of whom 108,300 were women. Of the total number of women workers 68,321 were working underground. They go down into the mines where in many places the veins of coal are only about two and a half feet thick. There they work long hours for less than fifty cents a day. Women are employed to push the coal cars to the shafts. Stripped to the waist, they toil for a pittance for twelve hours on each

(Continued on page 62)



Dr. Sherwood Eddy, of New York City, is a native of Kansas, and holds degrees from Yale and Wooster. For many years he traveled in the Orient, the near-East, and the war areas, working amongst Y. M. C. A. students and other organizations. More recently he has been specially interested in a survey of world labor conditions.



"The Editor and His People—Editorials"

By William Allen White
Selected by Helen Ogden Mahin

SELDOM in this day of prolific publishing does one come across a more entertaining and at the same time more worth-while volume than "The Editor and His People—Editorials," by William Allen White, selected by Helen Ogden Mahin, and published by the Macmillan Company.

It is a selection of editorials written by Mr. White, editor and owner of the *Emporia Gazette*, of Emporia, Kansas, and comprises a résumé of his editorial output since June, 1895, through 1923. In his preface the author says of the subjects discussed that they are "upon many subjects relating to cosmos, to man's place in the universe, to the boss system, and too high taxes."

Mr. White looked over the copy and added whatever explanation, informative introductions or footnotes he desired. His additions are every bit as much fun as the editorials themselves, for they show the reader how they now appear to their creator. He points the finger of scorn at himself and with the characteristic strokes of a sure writer and skillful craftsman makes comment both amusing and caustic. Especially are these remarks good in the section entitled, "The Decay of the Conservative," his own name for it. It exhibits his own growth, his fearless sincerity, and his tremendous moral earnestness. It is living testimony to his contribution to the times.

In the part, "There Were Giants in Those Days," the writer, an ardent Republican, pays tribute to outstanding men of both parties, lauding in particular Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. His humor is delightful and his cracks at his friend, Henry Allen, typically characteristic. He does not hesitate to tell his readers both the good and the bad, seeing no reason why he should not call a spade a spade.

He writes on all subjects, the homely and the intimate as well as those pertaining to civic, national, and international problems. His words of kindly advice, written in a humorous or serious vein, as the case demands, are especially interesting and come from the

pen of a man who is a straight, forceful thinker.

The book is fascinating from start to finish, each page containing a new and unexpectedly pithy comment. It is a volume well worth owning, for it can not be read at one sitting. The reader will find himself returning to it again and again.—ELIZABETH WALKER.

Personality and Social Adjustment

By Ernest R. Groves

IT was Pope, I believe, who said, "The proper study of mankind is man." Having said it, he wrote his essay on man and left us to pursue the study unaided except by such limited opportunities as the average individual may have of studying the comparatively small number of persons with whom he ordinarily comes in contact. When we turn to the psychologists for help in a further study of man, his behavior and his various moods, we are not much better off, because the great majority of the real books on psychology are written by psychologists, apparently for the benefit of other persons of the same profession, and the layman gives up in despair of ever fully understanding the practical aspects of "complexes," "fixations" and "compensations."

Since the basis of service lies in an understanding of human nature, it particularly behooves Rotarians to pursue every available channel of knowledge which leads to a better understanding of just what makes people "do as they do." Furthermore, as many Rotarians are interested in work with boys, and other forms of social service, a better understanding of human traits and their social significance should be very definitely included in the equipment for service of every active Rotarian.

It has remained for Ernest R. Groves in his recent book, "Personality and Social Adjustment," published by Longman Green & Company, to present in terms understandable to the intelligent layman, many things pertaining to human behavior that we have known about but may not have fully understood. He explains and catalogs the basic instincts and desires, and by illustration shows the

social significance of such instincts as fear, anger, self-assertion, sex, gregariousness and the rest. He points out the complexities of human nature and gives the reader an insight into the proper development of family life, the emotional maturing of the boy and the emotional development of the girl.

His book throws light upon the much recently talked of subject of fear, and it explains how various individuals react to it. It goes on to show just why it is that we should deal with children on one basis and adults on another, and he throws light on many other similar subjects which we may have wondered about without getting the direct answer.

The science of psychology has been going through such rapid development in the very recent past, and while there is much yet to be brought to light on the subject, there is no reason why advantage should not now be taken of such knowledge on the subject as has been agreed upon by students of human behavior.

Almost any preacher, lawyer, doctor, educator, social worker, or business man could pick up this book, open it at random and read it to advantage. My hope is that the author will give us from time to time as his own experience enlarges, further light upon this subject which means so much to all of us, particularly parents whose children are passing through the complex and mystifying period of adolescence.—KENDALL WEISIGER.

Warren G. Harding Life and Times of Our After-War President

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

IT cannot be said that all biographies constitute interesting reading; some do. I have read biographies which seemed to me inspired, and in such instances it has seemed fair to assume that love guided the hand that held the pen.

Joe Mitchell Chapple was inspired when he wrote his most recent book, "Warren G. Harding—Life and Times of Our After-War President," inspired by a deep and abiding love of the man of whom he wrote and the result is that the pages contain not one dry paragraph. Reading (Cont'd on page 45.)



International Boys Work Conference

A CONFERENCE will be held in Chicago on December 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, that promises to be unique in the annals of boys work. Called at the initiative of Rotary International this meeting will draw leading boys workers from all sections of the North American continent.

Enlightened leaders among boys workers will there discuss the general boy problems of the day; they will bring out what each established agency is doing to meet these problems; they will attempt to define the relations of the business man to established boys work agencies.

The conference will do more. It will stress the economic features involved in the boy problem and outline the opportunities and advantages for the business man who is actively working through existing agencies for boys work.

So far we have touched on the program as it relates to the boy and to the individual worker interested in the underprivileged and "overprivileged" youth. No small part of the program will be devoted to establishing the relationship and the co-ordinating possibilities of the civic organizations with the existing boys work agencies in each community. Is it desirable that local organizations such as Rotary, Kiwanis, the Lions, the Optimists, should direct their activities through existing agencies?

Should these organizations, in the absence of local effort for boys work, step in and take the field? Should each organization go it alone or should there be coordinated effort among the service clubs themselves towards one objective? Or should the effort be made to divide phases of boys work among the existing service clubs? These are vital questions that are coming up again and again for decision one way or another, and the Chicago conference will attempt to define and set down, as the result of practical experience, just what is the most effective procedure in each case.

Invitations to this international conference of business men and boys work leaders have been sent by Rotary International to similar organizations, to all boys work organizations, and to others interested in this work. However, attendance is not limited to those receiving invitations. Anyone desirous of attending this international conference should notify the Headquarters office of Rotary International immediately.

Rotary International has taken the initiative because it believes that situations exist where there is much overlapping of effort and other problems that call for the best thought that can be brought to bear on the problem.

Thanksgiving

THIS is the period of Thanksgiving in North America. Thanksgiving Day is a holiday observed by both the Canadians and the Americans, but not on the same date. In 1621, almost a year after they had landed upon the shores of North America, the Pilgrims assembled for the first harvest festival and offered a prayer of thanksgiving for the fruits and mercies of the closing year. Thus began the first Thanksgiving Day in

America, though the Pilgrims had brought this celebration from England where it is popularly called the "Harvest Home" festival.

The idea of Thanksgiving is as old as history. In some form or other, all races appear to have had a custom of giving public thanks to the Deity for the success of a harvest and for a beneficent bestowing of blessings.

As this calendar year, A. D. 1924, draws to its close, Rotarians have much to be thankful for—the remarkable, successful, and unimpeded growth and prosperity of Rotary, the more remarkable and satisfactory development of the acceptance of the spirit of service by Rotarians, and by no means least, the privilege that has come to Rotary of uniting in a practical and sensible and enduring fellowship, represented in men of many nations.

"We Have With Us Today—"

A RECENT Rotary club publication had this to say about a man who was coming to speak to them: "We can't over-describe him. He is one of the year's big headliners; a business man of wide experience; a master salesman; a creator and analyst; a man of wonderful personality and a noted speaker." Undoubtedly the gentleman referred to is all this and perhaps he likes to have it said about him—and then again perhaps he does not. Every now and then some one perpetrates something like this and an entirely inoffensive business or professional man is shocked and shamed by such references to his humble self. Chairmen often spoil both a speaker and an audience by the way in which the speaker is introduced. Someone ought to found a society for the protection of over-introduced speakers.

Megaphones and Minarets

FROM a tall minaret comes the voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. A lull descends on the narrow, crooked Eastern street, and in the mosques the worshippers face toward Mecca and sink in reverent attitude.

Some twelve hours later a Broadway barker mounts the running board of his "rubberneck wagon" and at his direction the tourists become marionettes as they "do" New York.

The Eastern congregation worships Allah at a direct invitation prescribed by its doctrine. The Western crowd worships Jehovah indirectly through its admiration of buildings erected by His creatures.

Racially and mentally, the muezzin and the barker are farther apart than they are physically. But insofar as each of them conveys the reality of his message they are very close.

In true reverence, there is neither Occident nor Orient, only humanity stripped of its complacency by things it feels, but does not understand.

There is no East or West in Service—only a common realization of potential good.



AMONG OUR LETTERS

"Oh! nature's noblest gift - my gray goose quill!"

BYRON.



Is War Unchristian?

By GEORGE CLAMMER, of Manhattan, Kansas

PERHAPS it is time to examine into the basis of the conscientious opposition to war voiced so frequently among church people. We have no word of defense for wars conceived in the unrighteous desire to take territory or violate the rights of others; even as we have no defense for the criminals who prey upon society by seizing the property or taking the lives of individuals. The one and the other are examples of infringement upon the rights of nations or of individuals. Is it contrary to Christian principles to resist such infringements?

It is blandly asserted that war is unchristian. Doubtless the doctrine of non-resistance to those seeking to do evil arises from the teaching of Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount. Of course, we know that we have not the full text of this sermon. Likewise His general statement would be less impressive upon those reporting the discussion than the illustrations used. The illustrations are: Whosoever smiteth thee on the right cheek turn to him the other also. And whosoever would go to law with thee and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. (We think the Quakers absurd for taking this literally.) And if one compel thee to go with him a mile, go with him two. It seems to be inferred that these statements are of universal application: That Jesus was intending to repeal the law of self-defense universal to all life; to declare that under no circumstances must one resist a physical assault; that one must not only not resist an infringement upon his property rights but that the offender must be rewarded, and that any sort of personal imposition must be received not only without protest but with a reward. Even if Jesus had gone far beyond what is here said and in the broadest language of illustration declared that evil of any sort should never be resisted but should actually be rewarded, it might still be said that very frequently His highly figurative language is not to be taken literally: "If thy right eye cause thee to stumble, pluck it out and cast it from thee."

Certainly it might be definitely stated

RECENTLY there has been an organized movement to prevent the churches from giving any cooperation to governments at war. Advocates of this movement assert that war is not in accord with Christianity, and therefore not entitled to any support from the churches.

Because of the discussion which centers around this and similar movements, the views expressed here by Rotarian George Clammer have a timely interest for those who desire to hear both sides of a much-discussed question.

His letter, like all others presented in this department of *The Rotarian*, is an expression of personal opinion, and the editors and publishers do not assume responsibility for the viewpoints expressed.

that there is no evidence either in the words, the context, or in the life and character of Jesus that these words should be stretched beyond their meaning to express a doctrine of universal submission to evil. Those that contend for this meaning face an utterly impossible situation. If it is wrong for the Christian to resist any encroachment upon his rights, it is equally wrong for him to permit another to resist for him. It is wrong to permit the policeman to guard his property or his person with gun or club. Courts and prisons which punish and restrain evil-doers are wrong. One may not lock his doors or hide his property within the protecting walls of the bank for security. Passive resistance to evil is not to be distinguished in moral effect from active resistance. Nay, if we are to make these words of universal application, the trespasser must be invited to do what he will. While it shocks our sense of the proprieties to say it, those who contend that Jesus here intended to condemn all physical resistance to evil, and even to invite its further continuance, should paraphrase his words: And if one assaulteth thy sister do not resist him, but say, here is my other sister also. The bare statement seems sacrilegious. If the words are so offensive and do such violence to the character of Jesus, let us not endorse

the idea. It is time honestly to scan the meaning of this doctrine of non-resistance, and "turning the other cheek."

We must note that the illustrations used by Jesus evidence no intention to declare that one must never resist any sort of evil. Also, He himself did resist commercial corruption in the Temple and with physical violence overturned the tables of the money-changers and with a scourge drove forth the offenders. He did not first try the effect of persuasive speech, but visited their offending with the physical violence of righteous wrath, and explained himself later. The words and actions of Jesus do not justify the inference that he was a personal pacifist.

It seems simple to interpret this teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. So far back as we can trace customs a blow on the cheek, usually a light one, was the provocation for a challenge to fight. Jesus taught the evil of such fighting for inadequate reasons, mere senseless brawling, which was very common in his day, and only in late jurisprudence has been denounced by law. He taught the folly of going to law about petty infringements upon property rights, or upon personal liberty. Each illustration He uses is of a petty offense calculated indeed to irritate the temper but not justifying the redress which he was condemning. He taught a character superior to petty annoyances. The words used are no foundation for the doctrine of universal non-resistance to evil. Let us then demand a logical statement of reasons from those who assert that war is unchristian, and not be content with loose words.

WE hear much glib talk about outlawing war. In the forum of the sane judgment of men, war is outlawed. The considerate judgment of the men of all times has outlawed it. Greed, unrighteous ambition, fool ideas of glory, strange blinding errors of judgment, these and other causes have driven nations to make war against others. Sober judgment has denounced these causes and their (Cont'd on page 68.)



My Own Tin Godlet

First Prize

MY own Tin Godlet is the Classified Ad Page of any newspaper.

I have been a victim of chronic Classifiedaditis for years and I seek no cure.

My Tin Godlet may not find a place in the red-and-gold masterpiece of Mr. Butler's dreams, but it fills a niche in my life and has been the Valhalla of many dreams, as well as much of my money.

The Classified Ad Page is to me the whole newspaper, the rest just a necessary evil and if it is lost, or missing, I make things hum until it is found. I am a serene woman—so serene that were I a cat I would purr, but cat-like I yowl when somebody who is not familiar with my Tin Godlet gets it before I do.

Most folks read the headlines of the newspaper first, or the sporting page, or the stock market, but not me. I turn right to the Classified Ad Page and wade right through. I devour the "Lost and Found" column with as much gusto as though I had found or lost something and was hot on the trail of its recovery. Were I a Prodigal Son or a Daughter of Sin, seeking a message of forgiveness from home, I could not read the "Personals" more avidly. I read Help Wanted, both Male and Female, although I have a perfectly good job and a perfectly good boss, whose Tin Godlet is an awful aversion to empty glasses from the nearby soda fountain adorning our office. I read

SINCE the publication of Ellis Parker Butler's whimsical story, "The Little Tin Gods," we have received letters from devoted worshippers from far and wide. Of the many deities and rituals which have been chronicled, the jury of three judges selected those printed this month as the most entertaining. We are glad to make this great contribution to sociological mythology; and we wish we had space for all the pet idiosyncrasies of the Peripatetic Pantheon.

However, we find some consolation in the thought that the capricious deities whom we have listed may gain new adherents—while those we leave unmentioned are not likely to lose any!

Confessions and Exposures

A grand parade of Little Tin Gods —comic-opera rulers of our tastes

Real Estate and Rentals, although I have no idea of buying or selling. I read Business Opportunities, Agents and Salesmen and on down. I've answered thousands of Ads—in fact, I've answered all kinds but Matrimonial Ads. I'm gun shy of them, for I figure a fellow is

anxious to marry to advertise for a wife and surely means business, and I have enough White Elephants as the result of Ad reading without adding an advertised husband to the list.

My Tin Godlet affects my disposition. I make my family miserable when he is missing and I make them miserable when I am chasing Ads. Yet it makes me quite happy. No doubt it's a silly habit, but there is a wonderful thrill in reading Ads, as they are like a big pulse of the world, showing its restlessness and its heartaches.

I have looked at hundreds of apartments, and houses, always in hope of finding my dream home and once I thought I had found my eternal home and it was a dream—just a hideous nightmare. I hunted out a house I saw advertised and went out and gave it a look. The door was open and seemed to say "Come In" and I went in, and during my thrilled explorations I stepped through one door off into a cellar where for hours I thought I was dying. Finally I got nerve enough to drag my twisted ankle and the rest of my bruised body up the steps and out in the open, where I was found and returned home. Another time, I went to see the wrong house and found a perfectly wonderful still. It looked as big as a brewery to me. Evidently it was not the bootlegger's At-Home Day so I escaped unseen and unhurt and there and then ended my personally conducted tour.

There is an awful lure about my Tin God. He changes every day. He never grows stale. He keeps me in touch

with all the buyers and sellers, the come-easy go-easy folks, the seekers and the sought. He is the Pot of Gold at the end of my Rainbow, my Aladdin's Lamp and my own loved Tin Godlet.

MRS. R. B. C.,
Ranger, Texas

Funeralis; A Little Tin Godlet

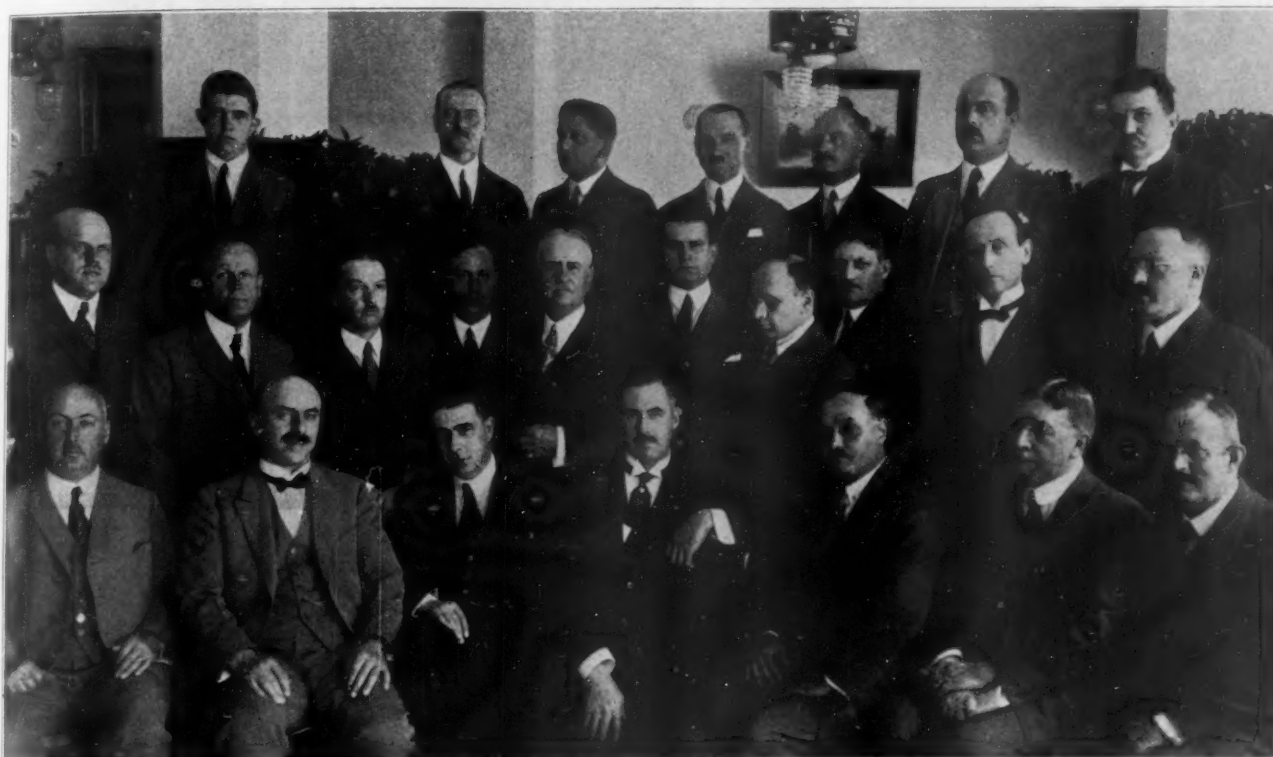
Second Prize

THERE are as many tin godlets in this world as there are human souls—more, I suppose—for almost everyone has two or three. There's the woman who gets hysterical at the mere sight of a petition to be signed, there's a man who thinks education is piffle, a girl who thinks all long-haired women are mental freaks and I know a boy who firmly believes that his radio is "divinely inspired," but, of all the godlet worshippers on earth there is one who takes the prize—she is a dear, gentle, sweet, kind old lady and she worships reverently the godlet *Funeralis*.

Not in a spirit of morbid curiosity does she attend every funeral in town, but moved by a desire to pay homage, to do one last little service for the departed. She has reared a large family, nine children, I believe, and they have gone, one by one, to live in homes of their own, leaving her there on her little tract, happy, peaceful, hard-working. A thriving garden keeps her gnarled, brown hands busy with hoe and rake, so busy that only the rich, mellow peal of a church bell sounding out a mournful summons can move her from it. As the bell tolls she straightens up to hear it better. Three notes are enough to tell her sensitive ears, tuned to these various bell tones, just which church calls. Whichever it may be she drops her hoe in the dust, hurries to the house to dress before making her pilgrimage. (Cont'd on p. 46.)



HERE you can walk over to Main Street, drop in at the sign of the Rotary flag, get your guests' badge, and make yourself at Home! The fellows are always glad to see you and to learn what your club is doing, and while you bend elbows over the luncheon table they will tell you about the best club in the best town in the best country in the World!



The Rotary Club of Zurich, with about thirty members, is the first club to be organized in Switzerland. The club was started by Special Commissioner Fred W. Teele, and was formally admitted to membership on May 23rd. Dr. Karl Sender, the club secretary, is the second man from the left in the front row. Next, in order, are: Dr. W. Achard, the vice-president; Hugo E. Prager, the president; J. R. Brennwald, one of the directors, and A. Weli-Furrer, the sergeant-at-arms.

Danish Club Gives Fine Prize For Scout Display

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.—Many American Boy Scouts came over for the Jamboree held in Denmark, the country that won the last Jamboree held in London.

The American camp, outfit, and display attracted much attention, and besides winning the Jamboree the boys took home many individual prizes including that offered by Copenhagen Rotary for the best display—a vase of Royal Copenhagen China with a seascape decoration showing Kronborg Castle.

How to Lose a Club And Still Have It

CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY.—From the Norwegian Trade Review we learn that next January the Rotary Club of Chris-

tiania will cease to exist as such. It will become the Rotary Club of Oslo, thereby regaining the name which this town had three hundred years ago. In 1624, the town was ravaged by such a destructive fire that Christian IV instead of rebuilding the old town selected a new site and at the same time changed the name to Kristiania. Despite other fires and industrial crises the town has made steady progress and now has a population of about 260,000. Kristiania will officially become "Oslo" on the first of the year.

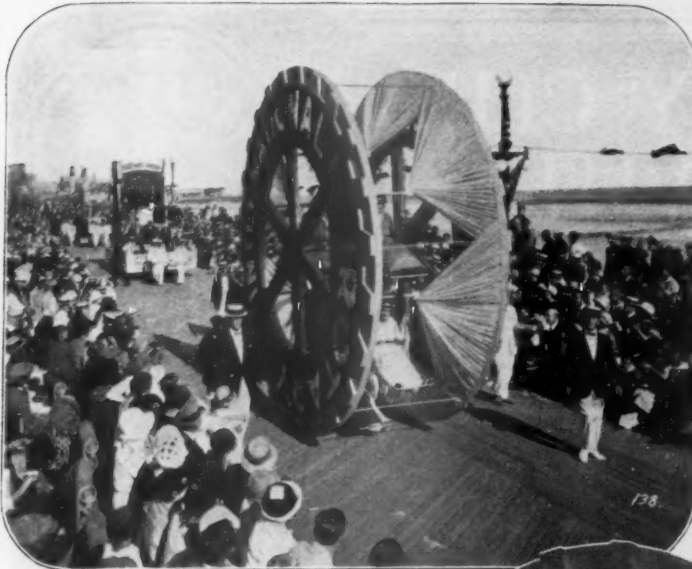
Some Hints On Salvaging Leadership

ATLANTA, GA.—Sixty-six college students have been able to further their education through the student loan fund of Atlanta Rotary, since the creation of the fund in the fall of 1922. Most of these boys were on the verge

of dropping out of college when this opportunity was offered. The club has prepared a pamphlet telling of this work and of the incorporation of the Rotary educational foundation of Atlanta. They will send a copy of this pamphlet to any Rotary club or individual Rotarian addressing them at the Piedmont Hotel, Atlanta, Ga.

Some More Results of a Student Loan Fund

DALLAS, TEXAS.—The Dallas club has had a student loan fund since 1919, and a few figures showing the present status of the work may be of interest to other clubs. Loans to 85 students have been approved by the committee since the fund was started and 33 students are now in school. Four students who are not graduates of Dallas County high schools have received loans aggregating \$700 from the



This happy adaptation of the Ferris wheel, that popular feature of the amusement parks, is the prize-winning float entered by the Rotary Club of Atlantic City in the Atlantic City pageant. The entry took first prize in its division, and second prize in the whole pageant.

Henry Exall memorial fund. Twenty-eight students left school before graduation, and eight students for various reasons have not availed themselves of loans granted them. Eleven students are making payments on their loans, and eleven more have repaid loans in full, the total repayment being \$2,580.20. Students have enrolled in 16 schools as follows: Southern Methodist University, 26; A. & M. College of Texas, 17; Baylor University, 16; University of Texas, 8; Rice Institute, 4; Terrill School, 3; Massachusetts School of Technology, 2; one each in the Academy of Commercial Art, Chicago; Trinity University, Waxahachie, Texas; North Texas State Normal (Commerce); Washington University, St. Louis; College of Osteopathy, Kansas City; Purdue University, Indiana; University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati; LaFayette College, Pennsylvania; and Bliss Electrical School, Washington, D. C.

Concentration of Activities Shows Results

YAKIMA, WASH.—Last year, the local Rotary club decided to limit its objective activities to a boy's band and a crippled children's fund leaving all other fields to other organizations, as it was felt that these other organizations could furnish expert service.

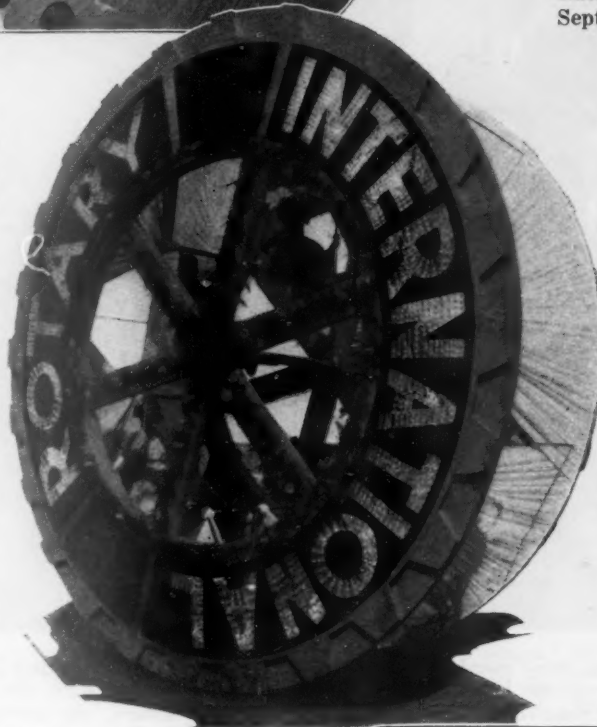
The crippled children's fund resulted from a visit of Dr. Charles Eikenbary, immediate past president of Spokane Rotary. After examining sixteen Yakima children the doctor suggested that if Yakima Rotary would furnish transportation to Spokane and pay the hospital fees he would give his surgical services gratis in whatever cases he

could help. About the same time, Roy Ellison, past president of Portland Rotary, told Yakima Rotarians how his club had raised funds through the medium of a minstrel show. The Yakima members took these ideas, applied them to local conditions and the result was an all-Rotary show that cleared \$6,000 for the crippled children's fund.

By confining its efforts to these two activities the club believes that it has stirred the enthusiasm of its members and at the same time left a clear path for other local organizations.

Rotarian Members of I. L. C. A. Hold Luncheon at Convention

WINONA LAKE, INDIANA.—The International Lyceum and Chatauqua Association held its annual convention here Sept. 15-18, and thirteen members who are also Rotarians gathered for a special luncheon on the 17th. Ralph Bingham of Philadelphia, Pa., presided over this group, and Paul H. Kemerer of Carrollton, Ohio, and Lew Parmenter of Syracuse, N. Y. acted as secretary and treasurer respectively. Most of the time was devoted to a study of securing Rotarian cooperation for the association. From the discussion it was found that while many Rotarians do help, others are rather opposed to the work. The I. L. C. A. has about a hundred lecturers who are Rotarians, and many other Rotarians have helped the association in various ways, and in widely separated countries. On the other hand members of the I.L.C.A. have often and willingly given assistance to Rotary clubs in various ways.



Above is a close-up of the Rotary float. The wheels are 16 feet in diameter and decorated in blue and gold velour. The six Rotary Anns wore Grecian costumes of pastel shades, which showed well against the background of the city colors, blue and white. Four thousand crystals were used for the lettering, and the board-walk crowd got a real thrill when the sunlight caught the float.





This picture was taken at Tugwell Island where Prince Rupert Rotarians and their families recently enjoyed a picnic. Prince Rupert is the "farthest north" Rotary Club, located as it is in the northwest corner of Canada. There are about thirty members, and recently they raised \$1,000 for a nurses' home at a local hospital.

Two More "Sister Clubs" Exchange Greetings

LIMA, OHIO.—An exchange of international greetings between clubs of the same name was accomplished during the visit of Commissioner Herbert Coates to this city. On behalf of Peruvian Rotarians, Herbert presented the national flag of that republic and took back a table bell suitably inscribed with the greetings of Lima, Ohio, to Lima, Peru.

"Too Much Melon, Son?" "No, Sir; Not Enough Boy!"

OKMULGEE, OKLA.—Most of the Okmulgee boys sincerely believe the Rotary Club exists solely for their benefit. They do not realize that the business men have other concerns besides arranging watermelon feeds, outfitting playgrounds, getting parks cleaned up, and giving advice about going to school. It isn't any wonder—

Recently the Rotarians invited all members of the "Knot Hole Gang" and the Boy Scouts to a big watermelon feed. The invitation did not need any repetition—in fact the number of guests exceeded by a considerable number the invitations sent out. But the 750 youngsters made short work of 400 melons,—and proudly informed the town that they had devoured at least 2,000! Local physicians can testify that imaginations were not the only thing strained on this occasion!

This "Knot Hole Gang" consists of boys from 6 to 15 years of age, who regularly occupy a special section of the bleachers at the baseball park. They are under the supervision of the

city Scout executive to whom goes the credit for inventing a ticket that is hard to lose. The boys get a special price, 10 cents for the season. When they pay their dime they are issued a zinc ticket which can be fastened to the cap with a hog ring—the Scout executive having decided that if a hog had difficulty in losing his ring even a healthy boy might manage to keep one!

To make the party more interesting the Rotarians invited members of the Okmulgee and Hutchinson ball teams. The boys discovered that their athletic idols were also amateur vaudeville artists—and when the burly first base-

man of the home team demonstrated how to play Hawaiian music with the nose, encores were insistent.

Then the president of the Rotary Club and the chairman of the boys' work committee got in a little serious talk, advising the boys to attend school regularly. Last year Okmulgee Rotarians sent letters to every student in the county, explaining the necessity of an education for a successful life. This year the club used the watermelon feed as a means of promoting the same idea.

This *al fresco* banquet was originated last year when Dorsey Grier, vice-president of the club, furnished enough melons to satisfy 500 boys. This year, he suggested that the club take over the affair and handle it on a larger scale.

Every year Okmulgee Rotarians have done something for the youth of their city. Four years ago they constructed a block of playground with shrubbery, wading pool, and other essential apparatus. This year proprietors of local swimming-pools found that half their young patrons had learned to swim in the wading pool of Rotary Park. The next year the club paid for a complete physical examination of all school children. Those pupils who needed immediate aid which could not be furnished by the parents were taken care of by the Rotarians.

Sure, they say, it costs a lot of money, but isn't there some compensation when every youngster in town thinks the Rotary Club is composed of men who do nothing but devise ways to make life enjoyable for the younger generation?

Change Meeting Day To Make Attendance Easier

RATON, N. MEX.—The by-laws of this club were changed so that hereafter



No, this is neither the James Boys nor the Dalton Gang—just a "reception committee" of San Luis Obispo Rotarians. The "committee" met the special train of the Santa Maria Rotary Club just outside the city limits, "stuck-up" the occupants in bandit style, herded the visitors into waiting autos, and whirled them away to a barbecue served on the campus of the California Polytechnic School.



Rotarians of Hagerstown, Maryland, wanted some form of service which would be of permanent benefit to the community, so they designed these road-signs which were erected on seven principal entrances to their city. The design is the property of the club, and any other club interested can secure full information and patterns from the secretary. This picture shows (left to right) Clarence Rupp, the designer and chairman of the sign committee; Joe Lynch, the secretary; Roy Danzer, past president and now district governor; Frank Leiter, immediate past president; and Joe Byron, the present president. Presidents of the Waynesboro, Chambersburg, Gettysburg, and Shippensburg clubs assisted at the dedication of these signs.

meetings will be on Tuesday. The change was made in order to give a greater variety of days for members in this district to attend Rotary, and to help members of Raton Rotary to make up their attendance in case they missed their regular day. Such an arrangement might help other districts.

A Program That Combined Fact and Sentiment

COLUMBIA, S. C.—A meeting program that proved unusually interesting was furnished this club when Thor Elmgren, chairman of the "health and happiness" committee, took charge. Thor said he found his fellow-members were all satisfied, but few were happy. Then he got his committee associates, Mac Anderson and Shack McGrady, to tell why some of the leading members were not happy. When their laughter-provoking dialogue had scored its hits, Thor started a series of short talks. A doctor packed seven minutes with an

outline of reasons why the young should be taught sex hygiene; a dentist cited statistics showing the relation between healthy mouths and healthy minds; then a bacteriologist talked about malaria and mosquitoes—with emphasis on the first.

After these informal but effective talks, Thor sprang his climax. He reminded his audience that though they all had friends and fellow-members to cheer them in case of sickness, there were always lonely souls in the hospitals who had no such consolation. Taking the place cards which all present had signed he tossed them into a hat, announcing that the fifth and tenth cards drawn would give the names of two Rotarians who were to proceed directly to the hospital and present the beautiful flowers on the tables to some "lonely soul" in the name of Columbia Rotary. With the humor that is never far from pathos the lots fell to Maurice

Matteson who weighs 240, and Arthur Griffin who weighs 110. So this pair went off to present the flowers to a little orphan girl who had been injured in an automobile accident.

Incidentally Thor had provided the flowers himself—but his fellow-members claim that his best gift that day was the program which he directed.

Nobody Gets Cold Soup In This Club!

PURCELL, OKLA.—The local Rotary club recently celebrated its fifty-second consecutive 100 per cent meeting. The club was organized in March, 1923, and has 24 members. Yet there are people who doubt the value and efficiency of Rotary clubs in small towns!

First Results of Clinic Bring \$2,675 for Cripples' Fund

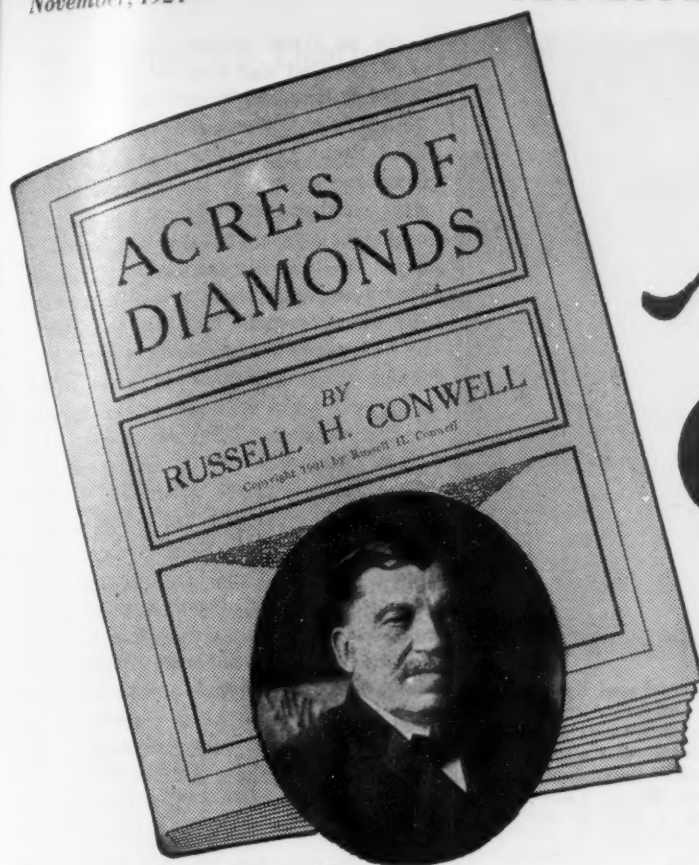
ERIE, PA.—Something over a year ago, this club took up crippled children's work. A per capita assessment of five dollars started the fund which was swelled by the proceeds of the "Rotary Follies," an entertainment which will be given annually.

After a thorough survey a free clinic was held last November. Experts from Buffalo, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh assisted local specialists in the work and 350 patients were examined. Already about 100 cases have been treated and 100 operations performed.

Recently Erie Rotarians saw the results when a number of cures which seemed almost miraculous were shown. Two children who had never stood erect or walked a step before, showed that they can now (Continued on page 36.)



Captain Frank Taylor Evans is a son of "Fighting Bob" Evans, and a charter member of the Rotary Club of Newport, R. I. Captain Evans has presented to the Newport club the Colors which he has displayed on many ships and stations where he has been in command, believing that the flag which had always been displayed on occasions of success was a fitting gift for his club.



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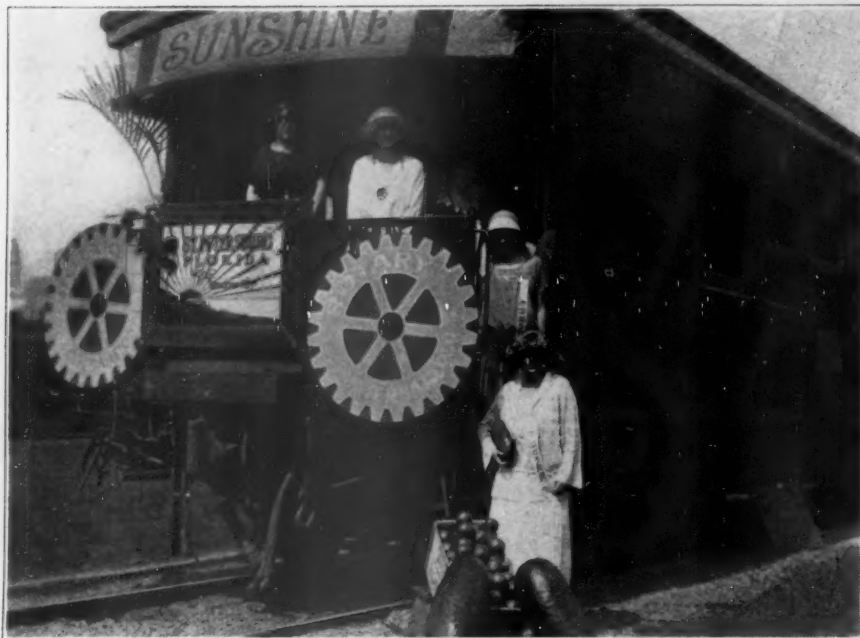
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This picture shows the \$50,000 Pullman "Sunshine" which was purchased by the Realty Board of St. Petersburg, Florida, in cooperation with Rotary and other organizations. They presented the car to the Chamber of Commerce as an advertising medium for their city. During the summer the Royal Scotch Highlanders' Band made a concert tour in this car, and for the balance of the year, it was used by civic bodies when attending national gatherings, and many of those attending the Rotary Convention at Toronto will remember the "Sunshine" Pullman which was a part of the special train of the Florida and other Southern U. S. delegates.

step out confidently. These results aroused enthusiasm and a voluntary offering of \$2,675 for the continuance of the work was promptly made. The club feels that the work is only well started and are anxious to see it through.



This gong has quite a history. It was made for President William G. Lee by members of Auburn (Cal.) Rotary. One member gave the hardwood base, another provided the Rotary emblem, another the bell, and still another assembled the gong. The bell was brought across the plains of the U. S. in the early 50's. From then on it had a varied career, first in a miners' boarding house, later as a call-bell in the dining-room of a hotel, besides enduring the vicissitudes of a couple of fires and a lonely attic existence, until finally salvaged and given new opportunity for service.

Combined Service Clubs Hold Picnic.

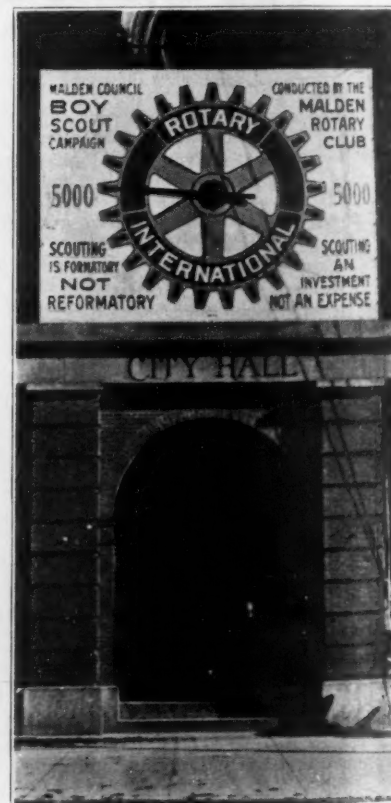
SALEM, ORE.—For the first time in local history four hundred Salem Rotarians, Kiwanians, and Lions with their wives and friends came together for a joint picnic. The affair was held at the State Fair Grounds and the plans were so well prepared that practically every man, woman, and child took part in some event. All the traditional sports and stunts, as well as many novelties specially arranged for the occasion furnished interest both before and after the chicken dinner. At dusk the amateur vaudeville show began, and the stars of the respective clubs had their chance—and their reward. The dancing which followed showed what enthusiasm had been engendered by the day's events.

Shortly after this affair, McMinnville and Salem Rotary clubs held their annual double picnic at a place midway between the two cities.

Scout Council Gives Message In Impressive Style.

COLUMBIA, S. C.—The boy's work committee of the local Rotary club arranged a program that will be remembered for some time. After the lunch, six first-class Scouts filed in and solemnly took their seats, Indian style, around a great tray laid on the floor. Then an eagle-Scout in Indian battle costume came in to hold a council. He kindled a fire by friction—the first time

many of those present had seen this feat—invoked the four winds and the Great Spirit, and as the tinder ignited the sticks in the pan, the council started. Each Scout represented some group of boys, one spoke for the boyhood of the city; another for the school and Sunday school boys; another for the working boys; another for the Scouts; another for the athletic boys; and still another for the delinquent boys. In the course of his speech each Scout stated how many Columbia boys he represented, and gave some message to the Rotarians. Finally, the Scout representing the whole boyhood of Columbia invited some representative of Rotary to say what Rotary could do for the boys. Rotarian Henry W. Fair replied: "To place ethics in the business of men whose habits are already formed is one of Rotary's aims. This will necessitate a certain amount of reformation. But to implant high ideals in the minds of the business men of tomorrow can be done now without any reformation. We heed your message, and we will accept our responsibility." Then the meeting adjourned but the impression made by this program was not left behind with the dishes.



The Rotary Club of Malden, Massachusetts, recently completed a drive for financing the local Boy Scout work, and \$5,000 was raised for this purpose. The photograph shows the Rotary wheel indicator which was placed on the city hall. Each tooth in the wheel represented \$200 and a hand attached to the hub showed the progress of the drive.

Drums of Destiny

(Continued from page 18)

he will find plenty of things less desirable. But besides restless energy, the boy has another characteristic of his particular period in racial history: he is acutely conscious of group interest. So the band renders a real service when it helps him to cooperate with others of his own age; when it gives him a chance to proclaim devotion to his school, his Scout troop, or his town. Also the band puts the boy in public view, and even if he is a bit inclined to strut at first he will soon realize that public appearances bring responsibilities as well as plaudits, and any mistakes the boy makes will be promptly criticized by his fellows with a frankness that he might not appreciate in older people. The chum who plays the tuba beside him night after night may unconsciously exert more influence than the boy's own father at this period.

THESE reasons, and others akin to them, are the motive for Rotary's interest in boys' bands. Since Rotarians' interest is likely to take practical form we are not surprised to find that Rotary boys' bands are scattered from coast to coast of the United States, and that somewhat similar work is being done in other countries. Although there is no complete list of cities with such bands, a casual survey shows that Regina, Saskatchewan, has a Scout band of about 40 pieces, while down in LaFayette, Louisiana, there are more than one hundred young musicians whose dark uniforms were very much in evidence at the Toronto Convention. This latter is the official band of the Seventeenth Rotary district, and represents an investment of nearly two thousand dollars. Citizens of Long Beach, California, occasionally see a Rotary boys' band smartly attired in white uniforms with colored capes and caps; and in Cleveland, Ohio, they have three of them, a prep band, a junior band, and the senior band of one hundred pieces. Cleveland Rotary will tell you that all this can be financed without undue strain on the individual purse and has offered to explain to any organization interested just how it is done.

There are other Scout bands in Corpus Christi, Texas; Rock Island, Illinois; and in Port Huron, Michigan; this last band having some good soloists, both vocal and instrumental, who also performed at Toronto. It cost Rotarians of Independence, Kansas, \$4,000 to bring their boy's band to the St. Louis Convention, but both the city and the Rotary club thought it money well spent because of the great impression made by those hundred or so lads



SUCH TALES AS MEN TELL — UNDER THE HAUNTING STARS!

From "The Isle of Lost Ships"—Courtesy First National

DID you ever listen to a fearless, big-hearted man, hardened by the sun of many climates, tell an awe-inspiring story in the dead of night? Tales of love, in remote seclusion, love between men and girls far away from civilization, possibly deserted on a tiny island, possibly surrounded by strange, chattering people of exotic races. Tales of adventure in the mysterious China Sea where typhoons spring out of a cloudless sky, and the sun grows blood red while you look at it.

(Such tales as men dare tell under the haunting stars) are told as never before in literature by "the greatest modern novelist"—Joseph Conrad. Conrad himself was the fearless, big-hearted man hardened by the sun of many climates. He followed the lure of the wanderlust up and down the seven seas of the earth. He sat on the very porch of that bungalow above the rocks of the Java Sea. He searched for men and life in the narrow streets of that town in Southern France. He signaled from the quarter deck to that silent, mysterious figure that one passes in the West Indies. He swapped tobacco and liquor over the cafe tables of many an Oriental bund.



1—"Well! If the girl did not look as if she wanted to be kidnapped! She now stood framed in the dark background, her lips slightly parted, her hair in disorder after the exertion, the gleam not yet faded out of her glorious and sparkling eyes." Thus does Conrad paint the elusive Nina, the Malay girl who married a white trader in *Almayer's Folly*.

2—"His strength was immense, and in his great lumpy paws, bulging like brown boxing gloves on the end of furry forearms, the heaviest objects were handled like playthings."—such was the extraordinary boatswain who played his part in that drama in the China Sea as told in *Typhoon*. Conrad's variety of vivid characters is one of the outstanding qualities of his work.

3—"Through the mesh of scattered hair her face looked like the face of a golden statue with living eyes. Her lips were composed in a graceful curve, the upward poise of the half-averted head gave her whole person the expression of a wild defiance. Then she smiled." From the picture of a native princess whom blundering, voluptuous Willem discovers in the jungle during a wonderfully dramatic moment in *An Outcast of the Islands*.

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in white sailor caps. This same convention was thrilled by the stirring music of the Memphis, Tennessee, band which wears horizon-blue uniforms with Sam Brown belts.

A Fourteenth District Conference at Hannibal, Missouri, was greatly pleased with the boy's band from Jefferson City, Missouri, which has fifty-five in its ranks. The Rotary Club of Jefferson City employs a band director who holds rehearsals twice a week. The club also buys all the music the band uses and the present uniforms are the gift of an individual member. This band was formed in July, 1923, and of the original thirty members only seven knew anything about music. All of the boys must be between ten and eighteen years of age, must promise to observe the rules of the organization, and must furnish their own instruments. Already it is partly self-supporting and in a year or two it will probably pay its own way.

Rotarians of Terrell, Texas, and Auckland, New Zealand, found there were already good boys' bands only waiting to be put to work, so tours were sponsored. Auckland also arranged for concerts at various institutions whose inmates had had but few opportunities to hear good music. In Rochester, New York, the Rotary Club secured the service of the "President's Own" band to raise funds for crippled children, and there are several other instances in which music has furthered the cause of civics.

JUST what bands can do in this respect is best shown by quoting from the experiences of four or five other clubs which have furnished fairly complete records of their efforts in this direction. Let us first consider the case of Austin, Minnesota, where a Scout band is maintained through the \$3,500 fund which Rotary, Kiwanis, Elks, Masons, and other organizations raise annually for their local Scout troops. The Austin Rotarians purchased fifteen pyramidal tents and other summer-camp equipment at a total cost of \$1,400. Among other activities of this summer camp is the training of the Scout band. The band donates its services to every public enterprise and during the summer gives weekly concerts which are widely advertised as one of the best civic assets. Besides its local work, this band has recently completed a successful engagement at the Minnesota State Fair, and also had the honor of playing during the opening of the national convention of the American Legion. All this speaks well for the band's capability and certainly it has brought Austin favorable advertising.

In Yakima, Washington, the Rotary club decided last year to limit its

objective activities to two things, a boy's band and a crippled children's fund. It was thought that such activities were very much needed, and that the work of the club would not conflict with that of other organizations. Their boy's band now has 45 members, whose ages range from eight to eighteen. Other boys are waiting to get in as soon as they can purchase their instruments. The club pays the salary of the Rotarian instructor, supplies uniforms, and has a special club committee to manage the business affairs of the band.

"Every Rotary Club can have its own band," declares the secretary of the Rotary Club of Franklin, Pennsylvania. He proves it by the following report. Franklin's population is about 10,000 and the local Rotary club has about forty members. Yet for two years the town has had an 80-piece boys' band as well as a fife and drum corps of 50 pieces. It was April, 1922, when these 130 boys were first organized and seven weeks later the town went wild as the two bands marched in the Memorial Day parade; and not only marched but played acceptable music. It cost \$6,000 to equip these bands and the Rotarians subscribed approximately \$1,800 of that amount. The boys paid for their instruments on the instalment plan, but the natty uniforms and other accessories had to be provided by public-spirited people. Today the financing problem is over, and the horizon-blue uniform with red trimming, the overseas caps, the Sam Brown belts of the band, and the white knickers, leggings, sailor caps and blue middy blouses of the drum corps, are well known in the district. Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and Cleveland newspapers have called attention to these bands, and as a result, engagements are plentiful. George W. Feldman, a busy merchant, feels more than repaid for his work as originator and manager of the organizations, while talented musicians who have given their services gratis to train the boys are proud of their pupils. "It means a great deal to a Rotary club to sponsor a boy's band," concludes the secretary, "but it means more to the boys."

Further proof might seem redundant, but since the experience of Savanna, Illinois, was rather typical of the problems encountered by many other cities, it will be worth while to see what has been accomplished there. According to the census, Savanna had a population of a trifle over five thousand in 1920, so that a group of two hundred boy musicians is a pretty good showing. In fact the bands have become so important that their administration has been turned over to the board of education, and the membership is recruited from the fourth grade on up to the high

school, including both public and parochial schools.

Fred High, a community worker who has been in close touch with this work, told me an interesting story of the successive stages of the Savanna enterprises. Credit for starting these bands goes to the Rev. G. F. Bremicker, a Rotarian who had experience with a boys' band in Ismay, Montana. He managed to interest other citizens and in August, 1921, Savanna boys were invited to meet and discuss the possibility of starting a band. Not only did one hundred boys respond, but representatives of various music houses were on hand to take orders for instruments. However, this method produced nothing but chaos, and it took the Rev. Bremicker three weeks to promote another meeting and get his association properly started. Local banks agreed to let the boys purchase instruments by paying twenty-five per cent down and the balance in monthly instalments. In addition each boy agreed to pay 50 cents for his weekly lesson for six weeks. Under the leadership of Harley Booth, a former resident of Savanna and now leader of the Clinton (Iowa) band, the lads showed their capacity for work so that by December, 1921, they gave their first concert. The parents were both surprised and pleased with this progress, and the work continued. When Mr. Booth found it impossible to continue as leader, the Rev. Bremicker took his place and rehearsals were held daily from 7:30 to 8:30 a. m. The boys showed their interest by maintaining an average attendance of 90 per cent even in severe winter weather, and the preacher on more than one occasion was heard to remark, "If I could only get my church attendance up to that average, I would feel that the millenium was close."

BY March, 1922, the boys were ready for their second concert, the more so since it meant the first chance to display their new uniforms in public. Their overseas caps and khaki clothes had cost Savanna business men about \$1,000 but these friends were so well pleased that they took the band for a tour of Carroll county which was the initial engagement of a series. During the summer the band averaged two concerts a week, including an important engagement at DeKalb where 40,000 visitors to the State Farm Convention applauded heartily. Later there was a trip to Rockford, Illinois, taken under supervision of the Shriners of Savanna. The band went to Rockford in a private car, led the Shriners' parade, and gave an evening concert. Besides the fine impression they made on the Rockford populace this visit brought some very tangible benefits for Savanna which still continue. (Continued on page 40.)

Thousands say of this book:

"This is just what I have always wanted!"



Dr. Lyman Abbott, one of the nine eminent educators who created the new plan described here.



Will you accept it, FREE?

A FEW years ago a young business man penetrated the inner sanctum of a famous New York newspaper editor and said: "You know so much about life, tell me what is the matter with me. I can't read worthwhile literature. For the past two weeks I've been trying daily to read the works of Carlyle, yet I—"

"Stop," exclaimed the editor, "Have you ever tried to eat roast beef three times a day, seven days a week? That is what is the matter with your reading—you need variety, *daily variety*. Then you'll find the reading of immortal literature one of the most thrilling pursuits of your life. Yes, and the most profitable."

Everybody knows that in the reading of the masterpieces is the surest, quickest way to the broad culture that makes one sought after socially. It is more broadening than travel, for it reaches more countries than anyone could visit in the longest lifetime.

But where to begin is the question. There is such a multitude of famous writings. We have only enough time to read the most important ones.

The Tremendous Problem

Even if we do make a start at reading, the next question is how can we keep it up. How can we avoid monoton-

ony? How can we get the daily variety in reading that makes the minutes speed by like seconds? This has stopped thousands of would-be readers. They have started to read; they have fallen by the way.

It is the question that baffled educators, brilliant men of letters, University presidents, editors of magazines and newspapers.

And then, recently, suddenly, by a stroke of consummate genius, nine of the most famous men of letters did strike upon a plan which threw open the doors of literature's treasure house. It made reading of the worthwhile things one of the most entertaining of pastimes.

The nine eminent men were Dr. Lyman Abbott, John Macy, Richard Le Gallienne, Asa Don Dickinson, Dr. Bliss Perry, Thomas L. Masson, Dr. Henry van Dyke, George Iles and Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Thousands Acclaim It

The inspiration that came to these men was a Daily Reading Guide—an outline which would schedule for each day's reading, an entertaining variety of prose and poetry, of fictional writing and historical description of the world's finest selections of flashing humor, of penetrating pathos, of masterly eloquence.

This variety is so arranged that the selections fall upon anniversary dates in each reader's calendar. Thus on July 14 much of the reading is about the Fall of the Bastille. Every day is full of such timely interest.

The Daily Reading Guide requires only twenty minutes of reading a day. It is for busy men and women. One year's reading brings you broad culture.

Already this Daily Reading Guide in book form has solved the reading problem of thousands. They praise it for the pleasure and the profit derived from it. It is found in the library of the millionaire and on the table of the student—man or woman.

Accept it FREE

In the interest of good reading it has been decided to distribute a limited edition of the Daily Reading Guide free to all who apply. You are asked only to help defray the expenses of handling and mailing by enclosing 25c with the coupon. The Daily Reading Guide, bound in rich blue cloth with gold decorations and containing nearly 200 pages with introductory articles and essays by the famous editors will be sent to you entirely free of all other costs or any obligation, present or future. Accept it in the interests of your pleasure.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc., Dept. Y-9111
Garden City, New York

Clip, fill in, and mail at once

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. Y-9111
Garden City, New York

Gentlemen: In accordance with your special offer in extending the new plan of essential reading, please send me a FREE copy of the 192-page "Daily Reading Guide," handsomely bound in blue cloth and containing the program of daily reading for each day of the year, which embraces the essentials of the world's literature. I enclose 25c (in stamps or currency) to defray cost of handling and postage. There will be no further payments.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Paul Whiteman
and his famous
Concert Orchestra

Such popularity must
be deserved

TO convert critics into enthusiasts, whether for a new school of music or for a cigarette, requires something more than luck. There's sound reason for every big swing in popular taste.

So, to account for Chester-

field's swift rise, look to the cigarette itself, its tobacco, its blending—in short, its taste.

This one thing alone—its decidedly better taste—explains why thousands of men are changing from other cigarettes to Chesterfield.

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

They Satisfy—millions!

Copyright 1924, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Every Puff a Pleasure
CONZALEZ & SANCHEZ
HAVANA CIGARS
Sold Everywhere
FACTORY & OFFICES - JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Always Dependable
White Mountain Refrigerators
"The Chest with the Chill in It"
The Maine Manufacturing Co.
Nashua, New Hampshire
I. FRANK STEVENS



PAPER



Bonds and Ledger

Used with entire satisfaction by thousands of business organizations. We could use more adjectives in the telling, but plain facts tersely stated are the most palatable.

KALAMAZOO VEGETABLE PARCHMENT CO.

Kalamazoo, Michigan

Drums of Destiny

(Continued from page 38)

By the end of the summer the band had 75 members—and a great enthusiasm. More boys were clamoring to join, so it was decided to place the organization under the management of the school boards. Both the high-school and the grade-school board each voted \$500 for the support of the band and the director was made a faculty member. Then a second band was started and another hundred boys had their chance. But the formation of this new band brought some more valuable experience for the promoters.

When the first band was organized every boy had bought his own instrument and the resultant collection ranged from the best to the worst possible. So when this second band was to be equipped, the Rev. Bremicker was sent to Chicago, commissioned to purchase instruments for the whole band. Although the story of his purchasing is a slight digression from our theme, it contains a valuable hint for all merchants—and clerks.

He entered a store which spends large sums on advertising and was greeted with that inane question, "Can we do anything for you?" Perhaps the parson thought he had made some impression on the young clerk when he answered, "I hope so, for I want to purchase about \$5,000 worth of band instruments." But the clerk was not impressed—there had probably been a party of some sort the preceding night and memories were still strong. Accordingly the parson was left standing around while the clerk leisurely wrapped up a 25-cent purchase—and enjoyed pleasant recollections. However, that \$5,000 commission worried the parson, and after continued inattention he quietly slipped out to another store where a real salesman joyfully took the order—for this second music-house believed that the purchasing public is nearly as interested in the service rendered as it is in the quality of the goods.

THESE new instruments were received in November of 1922 and rehearsals began immediately. Six weeks later the second band gave a concert, and in three months another, each concert showing marked progress. The distribution of instruments for this second band had been so arranged that each grade school and the high school now had its own small band. Of course, all the boys were affiliated in one organization, and later the high-school band and the first band were combined for the 1923 concert season.

Then there came a second county tour for which new blue and white uniforms were provided. Marching prac-

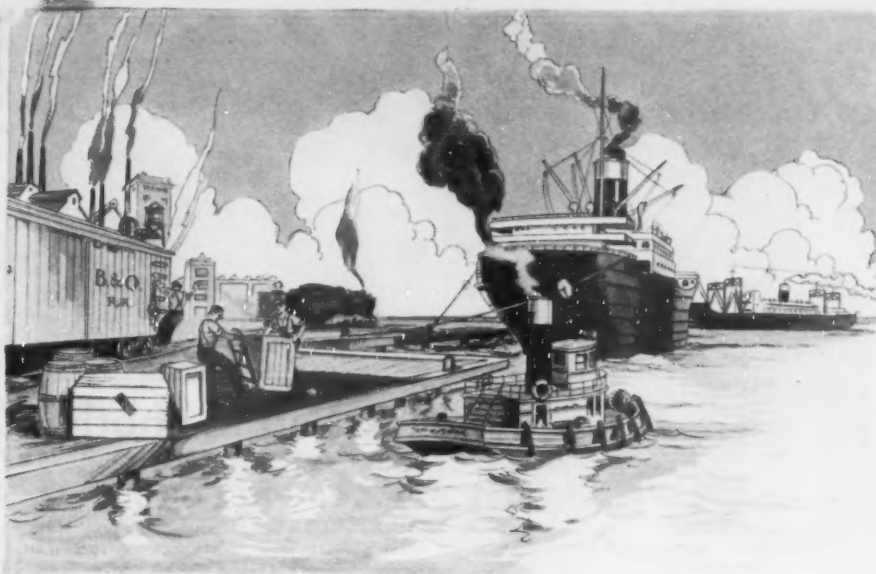
tice helped to develop the bearing of the bandmen, and the youngsters worked harder than ever. In October, they were promised a spring tour if they would do their part, and accordingly the band was heard in several Iowa towns.

By this time a healthy local pride was evident, and the Savanna citizens secured first a Dubuque and then a Chicago bandmaster so that their boys might have the best instruction possible. This meant more money, but each family was asked to pledge 25 cents a month for six months and the campaign brought in more than \$1,000. By experience the promoters learned that it was bad economy to buy any but the best grade of instruments. At first it was thought that the band was only an experiment, that even a piece of rain-spouting, if it had holes in it, would serve for the boys to practice on. But such ideas proved unwarranted for every one of the original seventy-five bandmen is still keenly interested.

It is no small matter to find a common interest which will bring together boys of widely varied racial stocks, ages, and sizes. But the band does just that, and how well it is done might be told by thousands of radio fans who "listened in" while the boys gave a concert at Davenport, Iowa. More impressive because more intimate, is the testimony of parents, many of whom report distinct improvement in health and morale as the result of their boy's interest in the band.

THE testimony of various social workers, town officials, and organization leaders is similar to that offered by parents. They say the boys have neither time nor inclination for loafing; they have "settled down." Perhaps the mayor is not so far wrong when he calls these bands "the miracle of Savanna." Ask Mayor Secor what these bands are worth to his city and he will tell you: "Unhesitatingly I say that they are a big factor in public life. The boys have generously given their services on all public occasions and now are giving free concerts at which the big crowds prove what a large place the organization holds in the hearts of our people. These bands stamp Savanna as a progressive city. As an advertising medium they are worth thousands of dollars to our business men, and this estimate is confirmed by comments in the press of other cities. But the value of the band to the boys themselves is incalculable. We must not forget that these boys are the men of tomorrow. The more we can develop them now, the better citizens we shall have in the future, and this is the biggest asset of all."

There you have a sketch of the boys' bands of Savanna, of the attraction



Easing the "White Man's Burden"

Every individual in America must bear, directly or indirectly, his share of the cost of distributing the products of our farms and factories to the markets where they are consumed. Neither the producer nor the consumer can escape this burden—a real white man's burden with our present high standards of living and expensive means of distribution.

Port Newark is helping to ease this burden by making possible more economical distribution to the most densely populated cities of the nation. It is providing factory and warehouse sites—at low cost—in the very heart of the metropolitan district, from whence goods can be shipped quickly and cheaply to the greatest consuming markets of the east. It is enabling manufacturers to produce their goods right where most of those goods are consumed. And by virtue of its unusual direct connections between rail, highway, and water carriers, Port Newark is eliminating expensive delays and costly rehandling, thus reducing the final transportation charges even on long distance shipments.

Port Newark is an economic asset to America and a field of opportunity for progressive American business men. Every executive should know all about Port Newark.

Mail the coupon for the interesting free book "Port Newark" which gives comprehensive information about this wonderful commercial and industrial development.

THOS. L. RAYMOND, *Director*
Dept. of Public Works Newark, New Jersey

PORT NEWARK

THOS. L. RAYMOND, *Director*
Department of Public Works,
Newark, New Jersey.

R-11

Please send us, without obligation on our part, a copy of your book setting forth the advantages of Port Newark in detail.

Name City
Address State



From one Rotarian to another

When it comes to choosing a gift for a man it is hard to find anything more acceptable than a genuine

RAZO-NIFE "NOT A DULL MOMENT"

the handy pocket knife with the real razor edge—sharper than any pocket knife made. If the recipient-to-be is a Rotarian, give him one with the emblem on the handle, as illustrated. No matter what his affiliations may be you can get a Razo-Nife with the proper emblem on it or without any emblem at all.

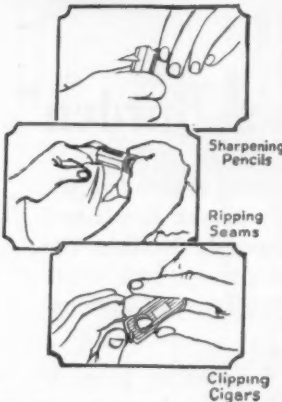
USE YOUR CAST-OFF SAFETY RAZOR BLADES they make new knife blades for Razo-Nife—replaced in a jiffy—no screws or fasteners—just snap into place—always sharp and ready to do all that can be expected of any pocket knife. Made of solid jeweler's grade mirror polished nickel silver—handsome—durable—efficient.

Price without emblem, each **\$1.00** Price with emblem, each **\$1.50**

If your dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon

Business Executives:

Give Razo-Nives to your customers at Xmas. They're wonderful good will builders. Can be made up with your trade mark, firm name, or other special lettering. Packed in handsome Xmas boxes. Send \$1.00 for sample and ask for special quantity prices.



Dealers: Razo-Nife is a fast selling novelty and a winner for Xmas trade. Packed in handsome holly boxes. Display material supplied free. Write for quantity prices and special introductory offer.

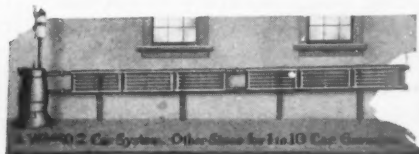
THE GREENDUCK COMPANY, Rot. Nov.
1725-41 West North Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find \$..... for..... Razo-Nives

Name..... City.....

Street..... State.....

Emblem wanted.....



Drive In and Out of a Warm Garage All Winter

Save your car—save gas and oil

Enjoy the same comfort that thousands have had with their WascO Systems for past 8 years. Because of the patented automatic regulation, no matter how cold the night, your garage is always warm—your car, warm and dry, ready to start.

Self-Regulating Heater and System All-Built

You only put on a little coal once a day. You DON'T touch the drafts. Our patented automatic regulator saves on coal and prevents costly freeze-ups. All cast iron hot water heater and radiators. You don't need a plumber; any handy man can set up. NOT connected to city water.

Write for New Low Prices

Write today for catalog. Give size of garage and ask us for a price to you this month. WascO now made in all sizes at reduced prices.

W. A. SCHLEIT MFG. CO., INC.
421 Eastwood Station Syracuse, N. Y.

Prepare now and drive in comfort all winter

WASCO
GARAGE HEATING SYSTEM
READY TO SET UP

Order now for prompt delivery from stock.

TO HANG UP THINGS
In Club Room, Bank, Office and Store, for light articles, use
MOORE PUSH-PINS
Glass Heads, Steel Points
For heavier articles, use
Moore Push-less Hangers
"The Hanger with the Twist"
10c PKTS. EVERYWHERE
Moore Push-Pin Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

LONDON'S LATEST PIPE

Weights only $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. by actual test.

NOW you can obtain the pipe which all LONDON is smoking. The PAGOLA SPECIAL, tipping the scales at only $\frac{3}{4}$ oz., takes twice the load of tobacco that any pipe of the same weight does. The "SCOOPED-OUT" Bowl tells the story.

"SCOOPED-OUT" BOWL



Many smokers in LONDON smoke a PAGOLA SPECIAL today. Its quaint shape and the "SCOOPED-OUT" Bowl make it all the rage in ENGLAND. By a recently perfected method of boring, the inside walls of the mature, Italian Bruyere bowl are "SCOOPED-OUT", allowing much more room for tobacco than does the average pipe. The PAGOLA SPECIAL cannot spill any tobacco either. It is perfectly balanced and stands upright on any table or desk. PRICE POSTPAID, \$3.50 EACH. FREE—"Pipe Wisdom," an interesting book for the Pipe Lover, sent upon request.

Henry A. Sprung,
2702 3rd Ave., New York City.

☐ Please send me FREE "Pipe Wisdom."
☐ Send me the PAGOLA SPECIAL. I will pay postman \$3.50 upon delivery.

Name..... Address..... City..... State.....

which keeps boys busy and happy. Even if the lad's first attempt at music is not as harmonious as it might be, isn't there a bit of consolation in knowing exactly where he is at night. For it seems much better to have a few music sheets scattered over the bedroom floor, much better even to stumble over a music stand in the dark, if you can be sure that Jimmy is not hanging out with the railroad gang around the deserted shanty, not rolling dice in some squalid alley, and not studying the burlesque show pictures in the sordid little pool hall.

And so it is that while we stand on the corner, listening to the throbbing music, we are actually hearing more than the lilting march of a boy's band. For mingling with those stirring strains is the triumphant refrain of Youth, the insistent pounding of the drums of destiny.

Aesthetics in Business

(Continued from page 20)

acknowledged that banking was a selling instead of a manufacturing proposition. As a result bank architecture evidenced a sharp turn toward a new angle. The mechanical and physical appearance changed almost in a few years. Banks became, outwardly, solid, substantial beautiful Temples of the Dollar with an appearance that was at once pleasing to the eye and satisfying to the soul. The interior became a palace of marble, and gleaming and highly polished woods and attractive dull metals. Tellers smiled; rest rooms, light, airy and comfortable, were provided for customers; telephones were conveniently placed; the cashier no longer took refuge in a private office but had his desk behind a railing where the gate was invitingly open. And the cashier personally and cheerfully greeted customers from behind his massive desk on which stood a vase of fresh-cut flowers. And it was thus that we were introduced to this new spirit of banking which incorporates less of the leather vest and more of true Christianity and real fellowship. Today the banker is human and friendly—thanks to the factor of art and aesthetics.

Take note of the package goods on the shelves of the retailer. They represent art in business. The toilet goods you buy are done up in a neat and beautiful package, replete in carefully selected and blended colors; its design is a matter of long and careful experiments with the fickle buying habits of the public.

Art in container-design no doubt originated years ago when some shrewd French concern started flooding Amer-

ica with perfume bottles of unique and dainty design, packed in boxes of gay but harmonious colors. Prior to that time, the American woman bought her perfume at the drug store and the druggist poured out a few ounces from an ordinary glass jar into an ordinary medicine bottle—but with the introduction of the French individually sealed bottles the sales of perfumes increased by leaps and bounds and soon the corner druggist ceased buying perfume in bulk. Then American perfume-compounders embraced art in their business out of sheer necessity and today the American toilet goods are packaged in a variety of eye-catching containers that measure up very well with the French product.

The attractive-container "complex" spread to every sort of goods. Today we find art in the design of a pickle bottle; we find it in the colors on a box of dates or a can of pineapple. Again we will find it in the hardware store in the design of hundreds of containers of various items of stock. And when it comes to the package designs and colors of the stock of a candy store—well, here we have art rampant and aggressive—but art, nevertheless.

IN advertising, today, we find art predominating. The list of The Guild of Free Lance Artists of America, who are willing and eager to cooperate with advertisers, carries the names and addresses of practically every worth-while artist in the country, and their efforts in moulding the buying habits of a people represent thoughtful artistry mixed with sound and practical judgment. Even photographers—commercial photographers—have introduced art of the highest degree into their advertising likenesses. In evidence of the truth of this statement the writer remembers buying for a client a series of six photographs made by a nationally known commercial photographer for which the fee of \$500 each was paid—and the price was considered reasonable!

Art on our billboards? I hear the voices of thousands cry a heated denial

of this statement. Yet Lorado Taft, American sculptor and apostle of civic beauty, has stated very recently that he considers the poster a means of carrying art to the people and of developing their appreciation of good art. He is a militant friend of scenic and urban beauty and yet he admits frankly that posters can promote the cause of art and at the same time increase their power as a commercial force.

Drive your motor car for a hundred miles in any direction from any American city and examine the posters and billboards you will see, and here and there you will find outstanding examples that not only get home their selling message but at the same time are examples of art in every respect; their coloring is perfect and in harmony with surroundings and they do not, in any appreciable degree, detract from the natural beauty of the country.

And while you are taking that drive give more than a casual glance at the filling-stations along the route. Note the introduction of art in the architecture of these places of business and note the splendor of the flowers and shrubs and trees that surround them and make what would otherwise be a sordid and ordinary place of business, a work of art, refined and pleasing to the eye and as beautiful as circumstances will permit. These filling-stations represent our very newest architecture and it may surprise the layman to know that not a few architectural concerns are specializing on the design and construction of handsome filling-stations—and that not a few landscape gardeners are likewise specializing in this field. Suppose the average filling-station of today were as ugly in appearance as the old time blacksmith shop!

Art is here. You will find it in every going business—commercializing art is making a better and a more prosperous people. It is oil to the wheels of progress and—

Jules Breton today would belong to the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club!

The Roll Call of the Red Cross

(Continued from page 24)

have taken up and found of absorbing interest. The job is not all one of medical science, expertly administered. It is often to kindly and intelligent work outside the hospital or the institution that the veteran owes his return to a normal existence, relieved of his war-imposed handicaps.

The successful, new and adroit methods in medicine, plus the soldier service of the American Red Cross, is one of the very few happy aftermaths of the

late World War. But better than all of this, the mistakes of past wars and their terrible after-effects, are being sedulously avoided. Sixty years ago, thousands of men returned from the Civil War to find their business and their occupations gone. They did not all speedily adjust themselves. Many drifted on, unable to settle down to the routine of civil life, finally to become wards of charitable organizations.

If a man's actions were peculiar, or



Aloha is the Hawaiian word of welcome, friendliness, affection, and "Good fortune attend you!" Above all other words it is significant of the spirit of the Paradise of the Pacific.

A Token of Aloha is a souvenir of Hawaii's bountiful isles of delicious fruits, fragrant flowers, summery clime, and wonderful scenes.

Love's Hawaiian Fruit Cake is a unique and substantial Token of Aloha, a delightful suggestion of tropical luxury, a tasty morsel of ambrosia from gardens of the gods set in mid-ocean, between Occident and Orient.

It is as if the artist-baker were a wizard, who, by some secret alchemy, had captured the essence of Hawaii's magic, and put it in a cake to go all over the world, carrying the sunshine, the romance, the charm of America's far-flung floating Edens,—fascinating the palate and enchanting the appetite of all who partake thereof.

The richness of Nature in Hawaii, and the benefit of many years of experience, go into the making of Love's Hawaiian Fruit Cake, so that it is at once healthful, extraordinary, and exquisite.

A TRULY TROPICAL TREAT
Net weight, 5 pounds.
Delivered anywhere in U. S. A., \$6.50

Love's Biscuit and Bread Co.,
G. Stanley McKenzie, Manager.
Honolulu, T. H. (2-cent postage.)

Please send an Hawaiian Fruit Cake,
with my compliments, to

Name.....

Address.....

I enclose (check money order) for \$.....

Signed.....

Address.....

(Write additional names on margin.)



GORHAM BRONZE BELLS

for

ROTARY MEETINGS

ALSO

Articles in Sterling Silver
Suitable for Presentations,
Trophies and the like.
These are of superior de-
sign and flawless work-
manship — Highest in
Quality, not highest in
price.



The Gorham Company
Fifth Avenue and 47th St.
New York City

if he lost interest in his work, claiming to be ill, no one at that time thought of suggesting that he receive competent medical examination and subsequent treatment. As his family grew larger and disease fastened itself upon him and his children, they drifted quickly into destitution.

When the survivors of such a family married, almost inevitably they had handicapped children and impoverished, desolate homes. Thus even the third generation, of our own time, shows the effects of the disaster that had its inception in the great sectional struggle. An agency equipped to give constructive service no doubt could have prevented such results in thousands of cases.

But the experience of sixty years has taught many valuable lessons. Some can remember that even 25 years ago the child who could not learn was placed on a stool in the corner of the schoolroom with a dunce cap on his head. Such treatment is unheard of now. The subnormal child receives special, expert help. So it is with the subnormal veteran, and particularly of that class of soldier whose mental processes have broken down under the terrific strain of war.

Here is a problem, though as old as war itself, that went unsolved until recently. Old English prints depict the horrors visited upon these unfortunates in the name of "treatment." It was the popular fallacy that their strange actions showed them to be possessed of devils. The exorcism consisted of brutal beatings and other forms of torture as diabolical as they were useless.

The treatment given this type today is exactly the reverse, both in form and effect. Intelligence and kindness have forever replaced ignorance and the lash. The results are astonishing.

A VISIT to the naval hospital at Great Lakes reveals dozens of men intent upon many kinds of occupational treatment. One group is engaged in making rugs of rags which have been sewed together by Red Cross volunteers. Children visiting this school would be fascinated with the wonderful toys of unique and ingenious design turned out by these men. Many clever mechanical toys and little purses for children in the shape of animals are manufactured from scraps of wood and leather.

But the unique part of the whole school is the clay-modeling section, where men under the direction of expert teachers are daily fashioning beautiful pottery of all kinds. The thrill of watching a sop of clay gradually take the form of a fragile vase is an irresistible attraction to men who, not many years ago, would have been given

up as mentally lost, a burden to themselves and others, destined to drag out a weary existence in some madhouse. How different is their future today!

The assistance given by the Red Cross to veterans whose war experience has left them with nerves shattered and brain fagged is a part of the regular peacetime program. Since the Armistice the Red Cross has spent \$50,000,000 for services to men of the Army and Navy and World War veterans. It is now assisting more than 100,000 disabled veterans, and their families, each month. To 180,000 soldiers, sailors, and marines on active duty it is giving the same help it gave during the War. It has 41,000 nurses enrolled for emergency—war, disaster, epidemic.

In the past 43 years it has expended \$33,000,000 for disaster relief; it has directed or participated in relief work in 220 disasters the past year.

Abroad, for example, the American Red Cross represents the American people in works of mercy when great catastrophes cause abnormal suffering.

Within the year 974 Red Cross public-health nurses have aided in the care of the sick, guarded the health of children, and fostered understanding of personal and community hygiene.

Sixty-five thousand women and girls have taken courses in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick; 135,000 children and 10,000 women have been taught the importance of proper use of foods.

More than 49,000 men, women, and youths have been trained to rescue and revive the drowning; 14,800 completed the course in first aid during the year and 137,000 were reached with demonstrations by the Red Cross First Aid Car.

Volunteer workers have produced in the past year 150,000 garments, 1,000,000 surgical dressings, and 87,000 pages of Braille; have made 15,000 motor calls and fed 22,000 persons in canteen service.

In the Junior Red Cross 5,452,745 enrolled school children are learning the value of service. With the children of forty other countries they are creating bonds of mutual friendship and understanding.

In 500 communities the Red Cross Chapter is the only family welfare agency.

In order that these services may be continued the Red Cross holds its Roll Call from year to year. For the eighth time the membership will be thrown open. The dates are from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving, November 11 to 27. It costs just one dollar to join. The money thus subscribed is used exclusively for these activities. The Roll Call is not a drive. It is simply an opportunity to become a member or to renew your application.

Comment About Books

(Continued from page 27)

the concluding words one may well be led to exclaim, "How fortunate that he who has written the story has not only the advantage of rare literary attainments, but also the advantage of intimate knowledge of all the fine qualities which contributed to the character of the immortal Harding."

When the author informed Mr. Harding that it was his purpose to write his biography, the President said: "You had better go down and see the home folks. They are just plain folks. Don't put a halo on my head," and so the President's biographer gathered much of his material from the plain home folks of the countryside—and right here is the charm of it. There's the story by the village blacksmith, and one can almost smell the fragrance of the old-fashioned flowers as one wanders in fancy through the garden with Phoebe Dickerson Harding and the little boy, her son, who was destined to become President.

We are glad to learn that the President's earliest remembrance of his mother was when he was with her in the flower garden. Those very early incidents prepare us for the sequence of events which followed; the stories of the lives of great men read to him as he sat at his mother's knee, the self-denials and the struggles through adversity that served to forge the character of our departed President. Once again we are reminded of the fact that the sweetest of all loves is mother love. We are told that President Harding celebrated Mothers' Day once a week throughout his life. As long as his mother lived, he had a bouquet of flowers delivered to her every Sunday morning at nine o'clock and after she passed on, the bouquets continued as sacred token of his undying love.

Perhaps no man has been more indebted to the influence of great and good women than Warren G. Harding. Florence Kling Harding was a worthy successor to the mother. It was she who said that she lived only for the President. To her, fittingly, the book has been dedicated.

These homely experiences lead us to view the life of Warren G. Harding in a different light. We know of his uniform kindness, of his natural sympathy, of his nobility of soul and now we know why he, probably more completely and quickly than any other President, was able to adjust himself to meet distressing circumstances, why he was known as the great conciliator. From these early incidents we learn the secret of his remarkable strength.

Joe Chapple accompanied Mr. Harding on his journey, while President-

elect, to Panama. He was also with him during the tour to Alaska which immediately preceded his death.

These pilgrimages are vividly described in the book just published by the Chapple Publishing Co., Ltd., Boston, as is also the final passing of the President when, midst the preparation for a joyous welcome the people on the streets of San Francisco were hushed and awed by the strains of the beautiful hymn, "Lead Kindly Light."

In the words of the author:

"Millions loved and mourned for Warren G. Harding and did not know why. Friendship feels, rather than

judges. Knight of kindness, a soul of sincere humility, a friend of faith who held fast the heart strings of his own people whom he loyally served."

The life of President Harding as told by Joe Chapple should have a very special appeal to Rotarians because our lamented President stood first of all for unselfish service. Verily, he was one of the people. Some men must be made anew before they can comprehend the spirit of Rotary. Not so with President Harding; he was of the manner born and of the manner bred. He looked the part and played it.

PAUL P. HARRIS.

President Emeritus, Rotary International.

What Makes Christmas "Christmasy"?

Isn't it the things that link the Christmas of today with the Christmas of the past—the things that custom has made symbolic of the day—the holly wreath, the mistletoe, the Christmas candles and the Fruit Cake with its mellow richness, the memory of which lingers from one Christmas to the next?



The "HOLIDAY SPIRIT" Baked Into a Cake!

The Christmas dinner—crowning event of the day that crowns the year!

With friends and loved ones 'round us, with its spirit of festivity over all, it seems that things taste better than they ever did before!

To crown the feast and make it quite complete, you'll want a Fruit Cake—one of the famous ones that Matthaei makes and ships the world around.

Ripe, luscious fruits—raisins plump and sweet, nuts rich and flavory—and blended and balanced in accordance with the unmatched Matthaei recipe and aged to perfect mellowness.

For Thanksgiving, too, if your order is sent promptly. Three-pound cake in handsome holiday box—\$3.50.

Address:

WILL MATTHAEI

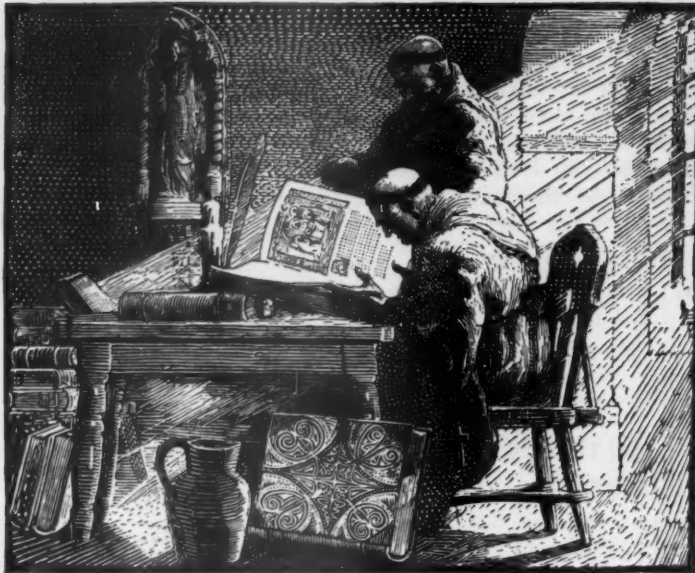
Matthaei Baking Co.

Tacoma, Washington

For
Thanksgiving
Too!



Say "Merry Xmas" with a
MATTHAEI CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE



ENGRAVINGS

IN OLDEN DAYS,—and not so very far back, at that,—the only engravings used were carved out of wood by Monks. Contrast this with the Modern Science of photo-engraving which enables you to have anything reproduced, whether this be works of Art or merchandise of any description.

The success of the largest business houses in the country, both Retail, Wholesale and Mail Order and also the Manufacturing Industries, has only been achieved by use of illustrations in their advertising matter and catalogs.

The Barnes-Crosby Company has for a quarter of a century maintained its position as one of the foremost

establishments of its kind in this country, and with its large Advertising Studios, with specialists in all branches, and its modern up-to-date Engraving Shops, is in position to produce illustrations and engravings of the highest order.

A cordial invitation to visit our Offices and Works is extended to all buyers.

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"Your Story in Picture Leaves Nothing Untold"

WEBBING
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Bow Linings
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TOLEDO, OHIO

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GEO. O. RELF, Gen. Mgr.

Rotary Club Luncheons held here Tuesdays,
12:15. Visiting Rotarians Welcome.



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Hats
Caps
Fezzes

Prices
and sam-
ples sent
without
obligation

GEMSCO 692 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

"You Are Laundering Collars the Best I've Ever Seen"

THAT is unsolicited praise for our work and it is a fair sample of the way men in nearly every state of the Union feel after receiving their collars from Collartown Laundry. We do work for collar makers and that is our standard of quality for your work. Others Say—"Collars are fine * * * they look like new." "Work is exceptional." "It is a pleasure to open a box of laundry from your place." "Here's your money with pleasure." "I like your work and plan very much." "More power to your idea."



Collartown Laundry, 122 Broadway, Troy, N. Y.

Confessions and Exposures

(Continued from page 30)

If it be the Catholic bell she seeks a Catholic for information, usually dropping in at McFee's.

"I just heard the bell a-tollin', Mrs. McFee; is it for someone you know? Well now, ain't that too bad. She's the one that had them eight children, ain't she? Uh, huh. Well, I guess I'll git ready an' go."

Fortunately, her neighbors represent all denominations so she is always able to secure the information she seeks. What they don't know the weekly newspaper does. The sadder the funeral the more impressed is she and the more assiduously does she adapt herself to this sadness for she retains her mournful mood all day long in full keeping with the spirit of loving kindness that guides her.

To her no funeral is ordinary. Each one is a drama of life, more intense, more vital, more touching than life itself. From her vast store of experience, from her long attendance at funerals, Mother Molly makes mental comparisons. She is perhaps the most experienced mourner in the State of Washington. No detail, however trivial, escapes her well-trained, alert eyes. If the crowd at the funeral is large she rejoices that the deceased had so many friends, if it be small she is glad that she came to swell the number, if the music is good she enjoys it, if the mourners make a scene she is spell-bound, and if one of them faints she is electrified. After it is all over she toils back home to her work, takes off her black dress and bonnet, replacing them with an old blue housedress and a battered straw hat, and goes back to her neat garden to find her hoe which she left in the dust and to meditate on life, its beginning and its end.

CATHERINE MCINTYRE,
Sedro Woolley, Washington

Tinny Deus Golfus

Third Prize

UPON the altar of Golfus is placed more sacrifices by its worshippers than can ever be imagined. More sins are committed in its name. More hearts are broken and sunny days darkened when this godlet frowns. When it smiles was life ever sweeter, not only for the disciple but his family and friends as well.

There follows the ardent disciple's prayer, universally adopted and offered up daily, *cum fervore*, on the first tee:

Oh, all-inspiring and ever-elusive Holeinone, with your fair daughters, Birdae and Eagleum, I beseech you to have mercy on me a poor miserable dub.

I have read faithfully the teachings of your worthy apostles. I have followed the advices and de-

sires of their own hearts. I have sought new clubs and more favorable pastures, but there is no hope for me.

I pray you to purge me of my slice, give me strength for my drives, direction for my approaches, and a happy ending for all my putts.

Should I ever make a hole in one I would be transformed from a lowly dub to thy most ardent apostle preaching endlessly of thy mercies and I would follow in thy course all the days of my life.

HAM DUB,
Lehigh, Pennsylvania

LETTERS RECEIVING HONORABLE MENTION

Periodicalitis

THAT article on "The Little Tin Godlets" is very amusing. So many men fuss over just such trifles as Job's Boil Ointment or Matches. And I know one woman whose life at Waikiki Beach is a continual nightmare with Wet Bathing Suits on Bedroom Floors. She also becomes very angry if the Fox Terrier has a Snooze in the Guest's Bed although I know that he (the fox terrier I mean) always picks up the bedspread with his teeth before he lies down. I have watched him. And a man that I know is just as fussy about towels. He has thirteen towel rails in his bathroom each one labeled with a name or the word "guest" and every towel used must be hung on its own rail and *not folded*. A folded towel would cause a paroxysm; a wet towel on the bathroom floor would be fatal. But this latter is inconceivable; it just isn't done.

These are real Tin Godlets! It is quite different where people are just reasonably careful about really important things. For instance, I am rather proud of the way I look after my magazines and periodicals. These I divide into three classes: (1) Those I haven't read; (2) Those I have read and want to keep; (3) Those I have read and intend to give away. Each class is kept by itself and each periodical is stacked in a neat individual pile, in that class, and arranged by date, the oldest date at the top. You see the idea? It's the only way by which you can know just where you are. As I get a lot of periodicals and am sometimes two or three months behind in my reading, especially when the *Saturday Evening Post* is extra good and the *Christian Century* and *Atlantic Monthly* have piled up a bit, I admit that all these piles do take up a lot of room. In fact I sometimes have to put a few piles on the top of the bookcase or even on the floor. But mind you there is nothing untidy about it and why she, who should know better—I mention no names but we have no daughters or

maidservants in our house—should periodically "tidy up," as she is pleased to call it, so that the classes and piles get all mixed up I simply can *not* understand. It means that I have to go through them all and sort them out again and I know nothing more exasperating than to read half way through an article and then find that you have read it before. This is a serious matter and has caused me unspeakable anguish. I have tried everything—strong language, expostulation, quiet reasoning, sarcasm, appeals to her higher nature—all in vain. I suppose this is my cross and I must bear it.

But I am thankful that there are no Little Tin Godlets in my domestic temple—not one.

ROBERT ANDERSON,
Honolulu, Hawaii

A Business Man's Tin Godlet

AFTER reading "Little Tin Godlets" by Ellis Parker Butler, I rise to say I think he is the meanest cuss it has ever made me mad to read about.

Why should he merrily lead to public slaughter the little characteristics and idiosyncrasies that make men great?

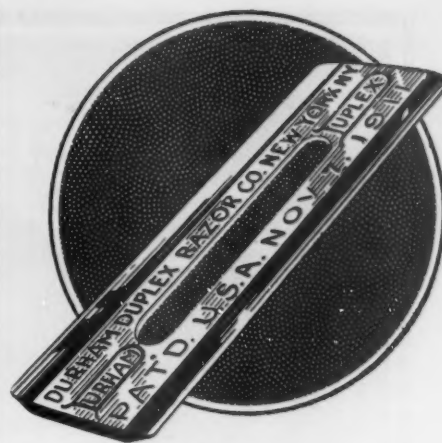
Among my business friends with whom I am closely associated, I recall several who, while firmly entrenched in the little kingdom of their office, surrounded and watched over by their "Little Tin Godlets," are as invincible and impressive as any Monarch that ever strutted the gloomy castles of Europe; but shorn of their little "Godlets" would be as commonplace and approachable as you and me.

I recall one in particular, a man about forty, whose office must be thoroughly dusted three times a day—whose secretary must never enter without knocking and must admit no one (not even the assistant manager) unannounced.

This man, like our friend Butler, can do no work without smoking. His pipes must be placed in exactly the right position in his pipe rack, that he may reach and choose his favorite of the moment without looking up from his work. He uses the touch system of pipe selection.

Letters must be stacked with precision and laid in exactly the right spot on his desk. And the enormous Carafe, which stands on an old maple cabinet directly behind his desk, must be filled each morning with water drawn from the ice-water tank and allowed to stand exactly twenty minutes to take off the chill before corking. And if anyone lays a hand or punches a key of his Corona—it takes him nearly two days steady pattering to get it back into form.

But—why shouldn't I insist upon these pet fancies? Without them my desk would be constantly littered and



Why Durham-Duplex Blades are EXTRA THICK

Ever notice the solid body of a Durham-Duplex Blade? How it tapers down on each side to the keenest shaving edge you ever laid eyes on?

It wouldn't be possible to hollow-grind such a sharp, strong edge without a substantial backbone. That's the reason Durham-Duplex blades never break.

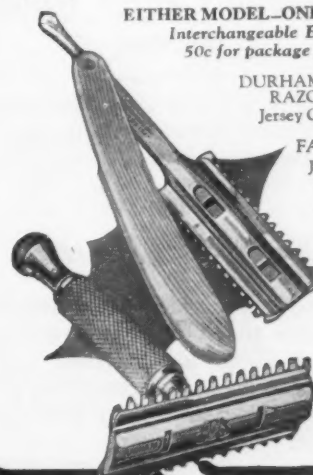
And those keen edges would never last so much longer if they didn't have this extra-strong foundation.

EITHER MODEL—ONE DOLLAR
Interchangeable Blades
50c for package of 5

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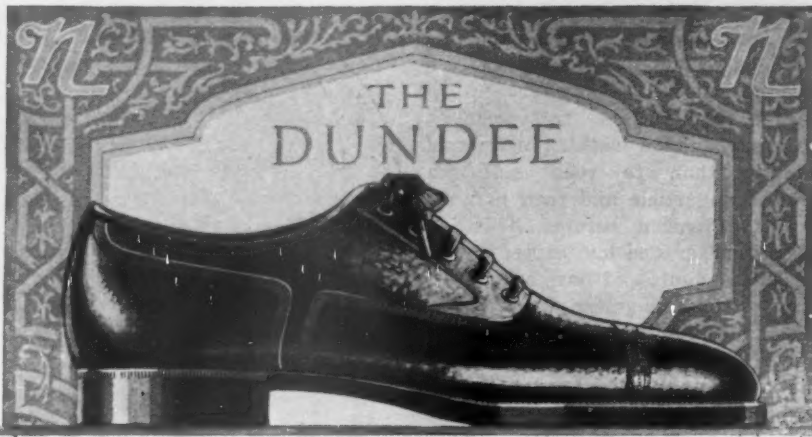
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DURHAM - DUPLEX

The Blades Men Swear by—
NOT AT



THE DUNDEE

Inbuilt quality can be imitated

HOW MANY TIMES you have seen shoes that look as good as Nettletons—for a little while.
They may hold their shape and their smart appearance for days, even weeks. But months and years take costly toll of "cheap" footgear. It is then you realize that the inbuilt quality of Nettleton shoes can be imitated but not equalled.... A pamphlet, "Men Like to Say They Wear Them," will be sent if you will write.

A. E. NETTLETON COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.
H. W. Cook, President

Nettleton

Gentlemen's Fine Shoes. Exclusively. Since 1879

November
is the time to buy a
Turkey
and a
Diamond Center Rotary Button

And then you'll have something to gobble about and one more blessing for which to be thankful.

Also
Xmas Is Coming!

You might place these words before the wife, thus assuring yourself of a very nice little holiday gift—and remember we have other things to give the wife.

Send for booklet.

The Miller Jewelry Co.
Greenwood Bldg., 6th at Brier
Cincinnati, Ohio



14 ct. green \$10.25
18 ct. white 13.25
Platinum 24.25



Thanksgiving Festivals

A tradition delightfully American—savory with historic background and good things to eat. Observed by loyal clubs the country over. Make your celebration all it deserves to be with

Decorations
Table, dance and party favors, Paper Hats, etc.

Many special Thanksgiving items are in store for you at prices no higher than for ordinary goods. Delight your friends and make your affair one of geniality. May we co-operate with ideas and suggestions?



Write today for circulars and special bulletins.

WE ARE MANUFACTURERS

Van Housen's
INCORPORATED

81 W. Lake St.

Chicago

my time would be occupied from morning till night by numberless uninteresting callers who simply want to be listened to and whose message has naught to do with earning my daily bread.

My pipes would be smoked by the office boy (my tobacco is now, I suspect), I would drink from the common ice-water tank in the outer office and nothing would remain to indicate that it is I who has spent the best years of my life in building this business—that it is I who has to worry and dig to have a weekly bank balance of sufficient dimensions to meet the payroll.

It has taken years of strenuous work to mold and fashion these "Little Tin Godlets" and build their shrine which this facetious man in a moment of capricious writing seeks to destroy.

Tell Ellis to run along now, and shame on him—he's not a good Rotarian.

EARL LOUGEE,
Haverhill, Massachusetts

Jim Boodle's Tin Godlet

FOR the honor of a niche in the Pantheon of Peculiarities I nominate Jim Boodle, a germ-worshiper. No more faithful, untiring, zealous devotee of a tin godlet have I ever known. Most worshipers get a little time off to eat, drink, and be merry. Even the Ham-micus Eggicus cuss could rest in peace after a perfect breakfast.

But Jim carries on his rites even—and particularly—at meal time. When the celery is passed, Jim orates upon the lurking typhoid germ that persists unless the celery has been peeled, fumigated, and otherwise safeguarded. At the end of the meal there is enough celery left over for celery soup next day. The bread—ah, the bread! Does the baker wash his hands with lye and wear a gas mask? You pick up your glass—with a shriek of pain Jim leaps in time to save you from a horrible death. He gives you a drink of boiled, filtered water from his flask, then puts a drop from your glass under his pocket microscope and shows you the devastating beasts of prey that you have unwittingly been pouring into yourself for years. A meal at a restaurant with Jim is simply a series of shudders.

Between meals this high priest continues his worship. On a street car he hardly breathes for fear some other strap hanger will pass him a germ. He can not even drown his troubles. As soon take poison as swim in a pool where others cavort, or drink from a public fountain.

Personally I have come to believe that these little bugs have some of the powers credited to them. But I have seen a crowd of kids pass a lollipop or a pop bottle from one to the other and not fall into convulsions. I have even seen a mother give her child a taste of

something from her spoon with no immediate explosion.

But Jim—let anyone come a cropper through any cause from bankruptcy to corns and Jim can prove that the Godlet Germ was the power behind the throne.

I can get all het up about a guy with a cold coughing openly in my proximity, but as a rule I am so busy dodging freak drivers, collectors, tornado insurance agents, and magazine solicitors that I haven't time to flee away from the invisible-to-the-naked-eye empire. There are times I don't even boil the baby before I kiss him.

The man whose wife complains that he always pours out the sour milk she is saving for a cake has a set time for worship. Whenever he finds a bit of sour milk in the refrigerator he pours a libation on the altar of his Godlet.

But Jim perforce must germflect constantly, everlastingly. Unless you have intensively studied it you have no idea how many varieties exist of this tin godlet.

So let Jim have a niche with a statue of a germ with glaring eyes and grasping claws, on his banner a germ rampant on a gory field and his song of devotion—Columbia, the Germ of the Ocean.

MRS. H. F. W.,
Warren, Ohio

Eliza's Greatest Bargain

GOOD old Billy Foster had just died. His little low, white cottage with its overhanging trees, through which the wind whistled that dreary October afternoon, seemed to convey something of the forlornness and sadness of Eliza his widow who sat alone in the kitchen bemoaning her fate.

As I slowly walked around the old stone path to the side door, although I was sincerely grieved over my good neighbor's death, I could not help thinking, "Well, this is one time in twenty years that I will be able to talk to Eliza Foster without hearing an account of a recent bargain." Bargain hunting was the real joy of life to her, and the recounting of how she happened to hear about the sale and the details of the saving only added to the pleasure.

She met me at the door. "Eliza, I have just learned of Billy's death and have come over to tell you how sorry we all are for you."

"Well, it's sad," she said, "but I can bear it better this time than when I buried my first husband Joe. The night he died I had nothing but a dead man and a dollar.

"Have you decided on an undertaker, Eliza?" I asked.

"Yes, that was decided long ago. You know, Snootz, John Snootz, the under-

taker who introduced us and brought us together. Billy and I decided that when we died we'd have Snootz bury us as a sort of good will for what he did for us.

"We'll talk a little easy—he's in the parlor now layin' him out grand. When Joe died, Snootz told me I could pay him a little at a time. Every Saturday night for eight years I took him a few cents. The night I paid him the last penny, he said, 'Eliza, I know a fine bachelor, a Scotchman, who never married because all women in his judgment are extravagant. He wants to meet you. I've told him all about you.'

"Bring him around," says I. We

suited each other and in three weeks were married. Those twenty happy years!

"I've bought him the finest coffin to be had, and I got the greatest bargain of my life. A fourteen hundred dollar coffin for eight hundred dollars. I saved six hundred dollars. On this one deal more than all my penny bargains together."

"Don't you think that an awful price to pay, Eliza? That's a coffin for a king."

"He was every inch a king. He never had anything much while he was living and I'm going to do my best for him now. And then it was a bargain, a six

ECONOMY IN MONEY-RAISING

Economy and expert management go hand in hand. The best is the cheapest. Some managers of organizations hesitate to employ expert directors of money-raising when in need of funds.

In one case the directors of an institution, prejudiced against so-called professional money-raisers, made an appeal for \$400,000 and secured only \$200,000 at a cost of \$18,000. A few months later they engaged the services of Ward, Wells, Dreshman and Gates for a second appeal and secured \$500,000 at an expense of \$16,000 including the services of this firm. This was a result of economy of management by conscientious, expert money-raisers.

Of course, there are fakirs in this field seeking to take advantage of the reputation of those who founded this honorable profession. We know of cases where it has cost 25 per cent, 35 per cent and even 50 per cent to raise money. Care should be exercised in the selection of the man to manage your campaign. You are safe with this firm which founded and developed the effective, intensive method of securing funds for philanthropic objects.

Below is a list of a few campaigns selected from many hundreds:

	Objective	Secured
Springfield, O.; Wittenburg College	\$1,500,000	\$2,000,000
Cleveland, O.; Masonic Temple	1,392,271	1,404,000
Philadelphia, Pa.; Episcopal Divinity School	1,000,000	1,008,947
Oakland, Cal.; Mills College	1,000,000	1,020,000
New York City, N. Y.; Broadway Temple (Methodist)	1,000,000	1,000,000
Clinton, N. Y.; Hamilton College	700,000	760,000
Paris, France, American Hospital	400,000	635,000
Washington, Pa.; Washington Hospital	500,000	518,000
Paterson, N. J.; Paterson Hospital	400,000	450,000
Flint, Mich.; Y. W. C. A.	400,000	409,000
Oklahoma City, Okla.; Community Chest	216,998	219,068
St. Louis, Mo.; Children's Hospital	300,000	330,000
Charlotte, N. C.; Thompson Orphanage	150,000	170,000
Baton Rouge, La.; 1st M. E. Church	100,000	110,000
Maysville, Ky.; Hayswood Hospital	100,000	116,800
Rochester, N. Y.; St. Luke's Episcopal Church	75,000	103,000
Providence, R. I.; Safety Council	75,000	82,000
Elmira, N. Y.; Allied Welfare Fund	50,500	58,370
Pottsville, Pa.; American Legion	35,000	38,000
Kansas City, Mo.; Baptist Theological Seminary	25,000	27,000

Our Quarterly Bulletin gives further details and will be sent upon request.

Campaigns conducted on a moderate fee for service rendered; not on a percentage of amount raised.

WARD, WELLS, DRESHMAN and GATES

Charles Sumner Ward Bert Wells C. H. Dreshman Olof Gates

Metropolitan Tower
New York

Wrigley Building
Chicago



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Use MultiKopy carbon paper No. 25. Made in Black, Blue, Purple, Green, and Red. Gives legible, clear copies that endure.

MultiKopy No. 5 black, light weight, makes 20 or more copies at one typing, depending on the weight of the second sheet.

MultiKopy No. 95, black, correspondence weight, yields 100 copies to one sheet of carbon paper.

Ask your stationer for MultiKopy. If he hasn't your kind, write our nearest warehouse.

FREE! Interesting booklet showing how to select the exact carbon paper for any kind of work. Write for it.

F. S. WEBSTER CO., INC.

Established 1889

376 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Branch Warehouses

New York Chicago Philadelphia

Pittsburgh San Francisco

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INDIVIDUALIZED OXFORD SHIRTS

MADE TO YOUR MEASURE
AND MONOGRAMMED

Our shirts are custombuilt to your own size and style by experienced shirtmakers from the finest importations of English oxford. This durable and fine appearing fabric comes in white, tan, grey and blue.

Your initials monogrammed in garnet or amethyst silk at no extra cost.

Fit, workmanship and materials are fully guaranteed by us.

Samples will be sent upon request, or you may order with confidence direct from this advertisement, giving size, style and colors desired.

\$3.45 P.P.
COCKBURN CO. - - Troy, N. Y.

hundred dollar bargain just because Snootz introduced us."

The time-worn old porch creaked and groaned as ten men carried Billy Foster over it in his bargain copper casket.

H. D. F.,

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

H'O Deity

A CHILLY, uncompromising godlet is the Cold Shower. My six-foot brother, an irritating marvel of physical perfection, calls loudly for his tin god every morning. And not only does he awaken the household with his clamor, but he insists that others worship at the shivery shrine.

When he and I meet at breakfast, he slaps me on the back and sings, with occasional variations, his hymn of praise: "Well, old top, still scared of cold water? It's a wonderful bracer. I feel like a fighting cock."

I shudder and reach for my hot coffee. The vision of an icy shower as it patters into a yawning white tub gives me a touch of mal-de-mer. I have ceased arguing with Steve about the proper temperature for ablutions. I know he regards my fondness for a warm, sudsy bath as an indication of effeminacy.

He is a perfect nuisance in camp, where all I want to do is eat, sleep, and catch a gentle trout. The precious godlet assumes a rollicking, woody air and becomes the Early Plunge. Each day at sunrise the forest echoes with Steve's joyous caroling as he splashes in the snow-fed lake. Brhr! Only brotherly affection restrains me from shying a rock at his handsome head when he returns from a dip, scattering spray like a Newfoundland puppy. And then, of course, it isn't wise to start something you cannot finish. Confound his impudent biceps!

One morning he took a base advantage of, my comparatively light weight. Afterwards he explained that he was actuated by the highest motives, believing that a fair trial of the lake would make me an ardent devotee. Ye gods!

My amphibian of a brother might have selected for his devilish experiment a day of melting sunshine. But gray clouds and a blustering wind meant nothing in his young life. I had just crawled out of my sleeping-bag, and was wondering, with a suspicious sniff of the rain-scented air, if I had the pep to shave, when things began to happen. I was rudely grabbed, carried out on a rocky point and dropped, kersplash. I can still hear that monster's triumphant tones as he towered above me, applauding my frantic struggles thus: "Good work, old man! You'll get the Australian crawl yet."

A wee shred of pride survived the shock, and with blue lips I refused all assistance in making a landing. An

hour later I betook my injured self, wrapped in dignity and wrath and a big overcoat, back to civilization. It required the combined efforts of the family to bring about a reconciliation. And the little tin god sat back on his haunches and grinned.

L. A. N.,

San Francisco, California

Another of the Fifty-seven

HE was slightly past middle-age, stooped, of crusty temperament, and believed in justice according to the Shylock standard. Although failing in other environments, within the confines of his home none dared refute his claim to regal consideration. Here he worshiped a unique little diety, technically known as *Deus Auditory Acutis*, which might be translated into the "Godlet of the Sensitive Ear," and so intense was his devotion, he was not infrequently elevated to the seventh heaven of gross imagination. He heard everything which happened, sometimes before it occurred and at other times when the operation was noiseless. Never a whisper escaped his waiting ear. He was irritated by the breaking of a twig or the chirp of a cricket, while the barking of a dog or the cry of a child during his declared "quiet hour" precipitated passionate ravings, preferably observed (at a distance). His wife, fear-stricken, had cultivated a noiseless tread, and the children in matchless silence carried their hearts in their hands lest the palpitation might arouse and disturb "Papa." All there paid homage to this esteemed deity, the Godlet of the Sensitive Ear. One of His Majesty's early mandates had been that the tick of the clock must be from his bed chamber three walls and two closed doors removed. In full faith it had been consistently observed until that eventful night some months since. A guest had arrived, coming for a two-day stay, and of course the guest chamber must be made ready to receive the newcomer. It so happened that this room adjoined the sleeping quarters of the "King." On the night of the arrival the guest had laughingly remarked that he expected to arise early, and this anticipation would be realized with the assistance of the trusty "Big Ben" near his pillow. There was a painful interruption in the conversation after which all separated for the night, the guest to slumber 'mid peaceful dreams, his host to "insomniat." Time passed, the town clock struck two, and still the host rolled, tossed, and muttered—"that clock—I can hear every tick—such fools as such people are—selfish—ungrateful—sleeping with a beastly alarm clock, and annoying all about them with its darn metallic racket—blank—blooey—well I just can't and what's more I won't"—upon

which he strode to the guest's door, rapped, and as the door swung inward revealing a very sleepy man, pointedly said, "No, it's neither burglars nor a fire, and I hated to 'wake you, but your confounded alarm clock's making so much noise I can't sleep"—"Can't you smother it in some clothes or chuck it in a dresser drawer"—the guest blinked, rubbed his eyes, blinked again, and then as tardy consciousness slowly returned, drawled, "What clock—why I haven't any clock here, I—you see I didn't open my baggage last night, and the clock is in the bottom of my trunk—I forgot to bring it up." His Worshipfulness, Deus Auditory Acutis felt himself suddenly hurdling through space, rudely ejected from his lofty pinnacle—he reached—he clutched—he grasped madly at a slender thread just beyond his reach—he had it now—ah—it held; then as his downward roll came to an end, cautiously at first, and afterward with increasing courage he pulled himself wearily aloft—until by morning, assisted by hypnotic sleep, he had regained the seat of his throne, again supreme in the arrogance of his tin-horn splendor and the "King" in the meantime had bowed an apology, turned, and tip-toed back to bed—convinced that his guest was right after all—"but then, shucks—this was the first time his splendid ears had played him a prank."

D. F. D.,
Marietta, Ohio

Turn-Out-The-Light

WHEN I married I did not know that my wife's little godlet was Turn-Out-The-Light. I supposed she worshipped Thrift, and thought she showed good taste in her selection. But it's Turn-Out-The-Light that she swears by and that I swear at. Her idea of an electric light is a devouring monster—something to turn off. When a light burns a moment longer than she thinks necessary, or if one light will do instead of two, in her estimation, she is utterly miserable and cannot think of another thing till the offending light is turned off. If she is in a position where she can't turn off the light herself, or sweetly request someone else to do so, she is uneasy and fidgety and cross till Turn-Out-The-Light is appeased.

My wife's orisons are something like this, with variations according to time and place:

"My land, who left that light turned on in the cellar? Norah, how many times have I told you to turn out that bathroom light when you leave? Now, George, what's the idea of having the whole house lit up as though we are having a party? No, Irene, I shan't give you another bulb for your room; one is a greaty plenty! Will, you sat up till all hours of the night and you

had all the lights on the lower floor going full blast, when there was no need of it. Good gracious, I never saw such a family for wasting electricity! Can't anybody in this house learn to turn off the lights when they don't need them? I don't see why you are all so careless!" And so on, indefinitely and perpetually.

Turn-Out-The-Light impels her to such lengths that she does everything she can in the dark. She barks her shins, I bark my shins, and everyone in the family loses their tempers over Turn-Out-The-Light's tyrannical exactions. Once, wife even went to a reception wearing one black shoe and one brown one, because she got the wrong ones out of the closet while she was worshipping Turn-Out-The-Light! Another time she spilled a bottle of ink on the new rug in the library while she was looking for something in the dark.

When we have a caller in the evening Turn-Out-The-Light gets in some of his prettiest work. As we stand in the hall while the farewells are being said, my wife keeps one finger on the switch near the door ready to douse the glim the moment our friend departs. If the adieus are a bit prolonged, the dear woman's agony would move the heart of anyone but a worshipper of Turn-Out-The-Light. Whenever anyone in our house has the temerity to read in bed, the chances are ten to one that Eliza's hand will reach inside the door and she will switch off the light without saying a word. It is maddening as well as laughable.

The first of every month Turn-Out-The-Light has a special celebration in his honor. Then my wife chants this hymn: "Heavens! Look at that electric light bill! It's awful; ten cents more than last month! Now you must be more careful about those lights! No sense in being so extravagant. Our bill is 25 cents a month more than Mr. Poole's and their house is no larger. This family certainly is the limit! Here I talk myself hoarse and that's all the good it does!"

Oh, yes, Turn-Out-The-Light is a great god and there is none like unto him. He keeps my wife so busy she has little time for anything else but appeasing him. She hates even to leave home for fear one of the lights will be turned on five minutes overtime when she is not there to keep watch. And when she gets back and finds that her fears have been justified, she almost goes into hysterics. "My Lord! My Lord! What are we coming to!" she wails. "Is there no way of driving any sense into this family? I'll never trust you in the house alone again—never." After that Turn-Out-The-Light gets more attention than ever. It's just the same when we travel. Turn-Out-The-



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But the funniest thing of all is—I am the manager of an Electric Light Company!

A. J. S.

Turners Falls, Massachusetts

Wants His Paper Served Whole!

WHILE I'm a Rotarian, I realize sometimes that I'm not perfect. However, the harmony in our home, we think, is above the average. My wife and I belong to different churches, but she cheerfully goes to mine most of the time. We are in different political parties, yet I quite often talk her into voting for my favorite candidates. If she should ever want to bob her hair, she may. She is usually regardful of my comfort. For example, when she hears the morning newspaper bump against the front door screen she jumps out of bed and gets it.

Then my trouble begins. Some one, doubtless a sorely harassed husband, once coined an epigrammatic phrase worthy of immortality—"the messy way of a woman with a newspaper." If ever our happy home is disrupted it will be on account of no vamp, or affinity. Rather it will befall through an inherent, constitutional difference in viewpoints concerning the proper treatment of the Newspaper. I hold that it should be considered a unit; that it is an entity. To me it is a species of sacrilege, before it has been read, to dis sever it.

With sweet reasonableness I have pointed out to my spouse that if I start on page 1 and read the result of the 89th ballot, and find at the bottom of the column that the narrative is continued on page 3, it shocks my nervous system to be obliged to get a search warrant before I can be sure Alabama casts 24 votes for Oscar W. Underwood on the 90th. I stoutly maintain that the time to follow an item of news through its devious windings in the modern newspaper to its lame and impotent conclusion, is when you are interested in it.

Though holding the newspaper in as high esteem as I do, my wife regards it as she does a box of chocolates, a good thing to be shared with others. Her generous impulse—and practice—is to distribute its sheets among the members of the household, throughout the house. On the rare occasions when I get it first, and refuse to surrender one jot or tittle of it until I have gone through it in a systematic and satisfactory manner, I am charged with selfishness. So, whether because of having my Morning Paper in fragments, or of resting under the imputation of

selfishness because of its wholeness, I'm sure to be unhappy.

But I must stand by my convictions, which are akin to Webster's dictum concerning liberty and union. I want my Paper one and inseparable, now and forever. My wife holds to the miserable dogma that Dan'l excoriated, viz: that it should be dissevered, discordant, belligerent.

Until I had read Ellis Parker Butler's article in the July number of THE ROTARIAN I didn't know that my obsession for having my Paper served whole, instead of scrambled, was a tin godlet, or even that I had one. But I suppose I have, and it is a Completely Assembled Paper.

SNAVELA.

A Godlet Unawares

ANSON BENNETT had long been considered the least peculiar man in Parktown, the town in which he had practiced law for thirty years. Under closest observation no one had ever caught him astride a hobby or under the influence of a fad. At home and abroad, Mr. Bennett was acknowledged a man without idiosyncrasies. Golf once a week or no golf at all equally satisfied Mr. Bennett. He could take his golf as moderately as he took everything else. An exponent of moderation was Bennett; regarded by all a paragon. When at their clubs, wives recounted the whims of their husbands, Mrs. Bennett sat silent, her husband having provided no topic worth dilating.

Twenty-five years of legal effort had, at last, rewarded Mr. Bennett with funds sufficient to renovate and refurbish his, hitherto, unpretentious home. Architectural effects were transforming No. 500 Constance Street into a match for any residence on Commonwealth Avenue, the most fashionable quarter of Parktown. While Mr. Bennett planned gardens and pools he left to his wife the entire responsibility of selecting the correct thing in house furnishings. Meantime, Mrs. Bennett was engaged with interior decorators soliciting authoritative advice on window hangings and period furniture.

The day arrived when carpenters, decorators, and painters quit the Bennett premises leaving the house and grounds completed, a monument to their skill and art. It was on their bedroom that Mrs. Bennett had spent her best thought and effort. Mahogany reigned supreme where a brass bed and other furniture of bird's-eye maple had retired from a long and faithful service. A chord of sentiment responded in Mrs. Bennett's bosom as she watched the old furniture on its way to the attic.

The first evening in the newly appointed home Mr. Bennett, apparently unmoved by any show of sentiment, after congratulating the excellent taste of his wife, sank to rest on the softest

of beds. During the night, Mrs. Bennett listened to many knockings on the head board; her usually quiet companion was tossing and moaning throughout the night. On the third morning a weary looking man dragged himself to the bathroom but found his hand too unsteady to perform the delicate operation of shaving. At breakfast Mrs. Bennett remarked her husband's pallor and anxiously inquired if he felt ill.

"No," growled the irate Mr. Bennett, "but I can't sleep in that d— bed. Do you know that for twenty-five years I have slept with one of the rods of that brass bed in the grasp of my right hand? Now I can't sleep without it. I will follow the old bed to the attic."

At last the "tin godlet" of Mr. Bennett, worshiped only in sleep, was exposed to the astonished Mrs. Bennett who had something to relate at the next meeting of The Lenten Sewing Club, hence it is broadcast to you.

Miss S. G. C.

This Devotee Tied to His Tin Godlet

SPEAKING of Tin Gods, just step into my home and look at the one my husband has set up. It is not grinning, not especially hideous, but is rather vari-colored as to complexion. It is composed of—man's weakness! Ties, ties, more ties.

Long ties, short ties, bow ties, and string ties;

Ties of every hue, length and size.

Ties by the tens of dozens. Straight and knotted. Joseph's coat in all its richness of color pales in comparison to this motley array of ties and more ties.

Grave ties, sedate ties, gay young colored ones, long lean lanky ones;

Everything choking and stuffed because of them. The drawers are full of them; hooks are full of them—knobs, hangers, nails and as I write I see ties peeping from the closet floor—the floor is full of them!

"Hello, dear, got a surprise for you," greets my husband on coming in to lunch or dinner. Joyfully I run and open a package, wondering what can be in a Gents' Furnishing store wrapper for me, and on opening it, lo and behold some more ties.

"Hopper and Company have in some of the prettiest ties this morning you ever saw. Thought I didn't need any but got a few of these new shades. Aren't they beauties?" is often a greeting. And the few are placed by the side of the several dozen scattered about.

I have cut up ties, made quilts, rugs, cushions of fancy designs, even revived the old patch work of grandmother's day in trying to use up some of these ties. I cannot miss any.

One never sees my husband two days

in succession wearing the same tie or even the same shade. It is a complete change—and needless to say the wife keeps the gods in order. They are cleaned and pressed to a shining nicety that is quite enviable and remarkable when the number of ties is considered.

Sometimes I hear my husband humming and on listening I recognize the old melody my sainted grandfather used to sing, "Blest be the tie that binds." And my husband has remarked more than once that when he dies he wants that hymn chanted at his funeral.

I fear it is not the memory of any departed saint that has caused him to make such a request. The man that wrote that song must have been a devotee of this same tin god!

Hark! there it is, the same tune. I believe I shall hear that in my dreams. He is whistling it this time—Oh, he has five more ties! What will become of me. Tell me I am not "tied" for life.

Of all the gods we could choose, I believe one "tied" is preferable. One always knows where it is "at," and where he is "at." C. H. K., Austin, Tex.

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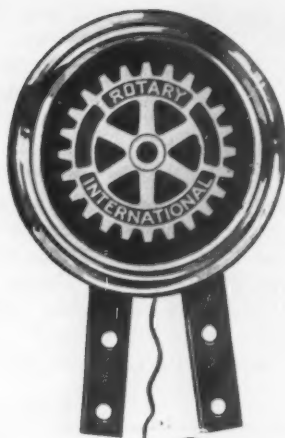
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Remember—this is not just painted glass—it is not a transparency pasted on glass—the emblem is actually cut right in the glass—a permanent design in official blue and gold.

This light with plain glass regularly lists at \$7.50 in accessory shops. Here's your chance to get it with your club emblem complete with all the necessary wire, guaranteed brake switch, and Mazda bulb, guaranteed for one year—for only



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We also can supply these novelties in
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JOHN ROSENSTEIN
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Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

(Continued from page 25)

spot even now, where as a night operator, Fred Van Amburgh listened and responded to the click-click of the little instruments that through him and other lonely watchers controlled the destinies of men over rails of steel.

Constant study and the realization of dreams later enabled him to reach his first goal—a country newspaper. Many are the humorous incidents that he can tell of his print-shop experience, some of them not without their vein of pathos; of mishaps with forms of type, laboriously set by his own hands, spilling into a hopeless mess of "pi", while the old hand-press stood empty, a ghostly spectator through the long night while he worked to sort and re-set the type, that the weekly edition should come out on time.

Then came more extensive experiences in publishing a daily newspaper and in advertising, and then the urge of wanderlust dominated and Van Amburgh started, as many another, to find "the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow"; set out to make his fortune in the gold fields of the west.

As prospector, miner, realtor, banker, salesman, the West of twenty-five years ago called him and held him and taught him, much as a university of stone and mortar holds many a young man bent on graduation and a diploma all neatly tied with a ribbon.

I have said that Fred Van Amburgh is unusual. Well, he is; and he isn't—for his story is surely paralleled by many another; many men have started from lowlier positions and risen to greater heights in commercial success and professional achievement. Yet is it not unusual to find a man who has

basked in the warmth of the good things that much money can provide, content to live modestly, spend sparingly, working constantly almost without rest, reaching out with messages of good will and good cheer for the sheer joy of service and with no thought of big monetary gains or personal approbation?

From the wild search through the hills of Colorado after gold, through the walled passage of frenzied finance they call Wall Street, has emerged a man so seriously and earnestly intent on his obviously ordained work that he can concentrate to the utter disregard of everything else. I have known him to walk because he had forgotten for the time that taxi-drivers and street-car conductors demand cash payment for a haul.

I say he is unusual, and I think I should know since ours is a business partnership, as I said, of nearly nine years' standing.

Fred Van Amburgh will not be able to bequeath to the world a fortune to be used for educational purposes, but it is his hope and the belief of those who know him best that he will leave to his comrades a wealth of cheerful, helpful thoughts recorded not in the lofty language of the sage, but in the plain, comprehensible vernacular of our day and place.

In Rotary he has found that for which his heart always hungered—companionship, comradeship; in Rotary he has found that organized influence for good, that sustains and supports like the family spirit between brothers, a spirit that he never before had known.

The Letters of a Rotarian to His Son

(Continued from page 11)

in the world—the satisfaction of knowing that you were a Rotarian.

You know, John, human frailty is ever with us, and, of course, the membership of a Rotary club is no exception. It is true that the vast majority of the members of Rotary are Rotarians. Were this not true, Rotary could not survive. But here and there in various clubs we are confronted with the unfortunate fact that there are members who apparently neither believe, practice nor care for the ideals of Rotary. They like to be known as members of Rotary, but they are unwilling to subscribe to the teachings of Rotary in their private lives. They try to hide behind club achievement and club prestige. They are close cousins

to the boys who pray on Sunday and rob widows on Monday.

John, should you ever become a member of Rotary, there is one thing I want you to remember that your old dad said. Get this right, now, for I think it is tremendously important. It is this—Rotary is an *individual* responsibility and the man who fails to accept it as an *individual* responsibility is a club *liability*. Should the time ever arrive when the average individual member comes to look upon mass action as the established purpose of a Rotary club, rather than the training of the individual for individual action, then we shall be lost sure enough.

But the fine thing about the assumption of an individual responsibility in

Rotary is that the fellow who recognizes his individual obligation is the one who benefits, and he benefits just in proportion as he permits himself to grow. John, I believe you have read Emerson's "Compensation"; but get it out and read it again. I remember as a boy this made the most tremendous impression on me of anything I read. There's a lot of Rotary in that essay.

It is impossible for me to tell you in a single letter, or in a hundred printed volumes, of all the benefits you would receive as a Rotarian. You have to be a Rotarian to know the meaning of Rotary. But there's one thing especially, my boy, that Rotary does exemplify in the lives of Rotarians and that is the greatest thing in all this world—love. It teaches you to love your fellowman. John, in my own life, if I never get another thing out of Rotary, I shall be busy the rest of my days trying to repay these blessings of fellowship.

Your mother has just called to remind me that it is time we were leaving for the Ladies' Night Party this evening. She asks me to tell you that I am one of the youngest boys in the club when it comes to dancing, "I'm a Little Prairie Flower," at these evening affairs. You know, I believe your mother enjoys these parties more than I do, if possible.

Your loving,

DAD.

Aug. 23, 1922.

DEAR John:

In your first letter to me regarding Rotary you said that you had about decided you wanted to join the Rotary club of your city and would like to know how to get in. I replied that perhaps it might be well to familiarize yourself with the purpose of Rotary before you decided you wanted to join and that then we could take up the matter of how to get in, if such were your wishes.

Since you are finding out that Rotary is something entirely different from what you had originally conceived it to be, it is probable that you are not fully convinced you would like to become a member. I don't mean by this that you disapprove of the ideals of Rotary, but I know that you are finding unexpected obligations of membership in Rotary and that you are seeing the necessity for approaching the matter from an entirely different angle than the one from which you started out.

However, in that first letter of yours there was one statement which I feel should receive special attention, whether you ever become a Rotarian or not. Incidentally it may have some bearing on the question of why you have never been asked to join. You said that there were a lot of fellows

in the club of your city whom you didn't know very well, but from what little you had seen of them you didn't like them. In fact you intimated that the whole bunch were a rather queer lot.

John, did it ever occur to you that this may be the very reason you don't like them—the fact that you know so little about them? Every human being has his faults. That's what makes him so human. But I am afraid that you have picked out these faults that you fancy you have found in these fellows and are exaggerating them. You don't know them well enough to recognize and appreciate the many good qualities which I vouch they have.

Now, John, it is no secret that you have inherited in a perfectly honest way a severely hypercritical nature and now you are out gunning for whatever will appease that morbid appetite. Don't be offended, my boy, by these remarks, for I feel that this matter has such an important bearing on your future that I would be doing you an injustice did I fail to call this to your attention. Besides, you must certainly realize that his boy's career lies mighty close to the heart of his old dad. There are a lot of things in this old world that I regret I did not accomplish. But at the time I had the opportunity I lacked the vision. There is only one way left for me to accomplish these things now and that is through you. I want to live on and on through my boy ever working towards these ideals which I have set as my goal. Do you get the idea, John? As you grow older you'll have the same feeling towards your boy—the desire to push him on and up, and if that's your wish it's up to you and me to do some pioneering.

Now, then, if you'll leave your gun at home and go out armed with a smile I believe you'll get a lot more game. It will be better game, too, for you will be bagging friends instead of enemies. Besides, you'll have a lot of fun in the pursuit, something you don't have when you use the old double-barreled friend killer. That old weapon has a terrible kick to it.

Someone has said that "The way to make a friend is to be one." I don't believe anyone would be foolish enough to deny such an apparent truth. Here is a simple formula that will surround us with one of the world's greatest blessings—friends. We all know what a wonderful asset they are. We all want them. We all know how to make them. Then why don't we get busy? I guess too many of us are lugging around those old smoking fire-pieces, eh, John? Instead of browsing around in our neighbor's garden admiring his beautiful flowers, and carrying away fragrant bouquets, too many of us seem



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M. HEFTER'S SONS

bent on rummaging in his dusty attic and crawling out with a dab of smut on our faces.

John, among others in the Rotary club whom you dislike, you mentioned particularly the sporting goods man. Of course I don't know this fellow, but I want to offer a suggestion in the nature of an experiment. I want you to forget about this man's bad qualities for the present and find out what his good qualities are. I want you to write me about them in detail. I would like to know every one of them, if possible. Now in order to find out just what these good qualities are it will be necessary that you approach him from a different angle and that you become intimately acquainted with him. If you are going to draw out this fellow's good qualities you will have to be very careful, of course, that you display every one of your own desirable properties. In other words you will have to approach him in a friendly way. Make up your mind, now, that for the next few weeks your hobby is going to be how well you can get to know this man, and that you are going out of your way to be thrown in contact with him just as much as possible. After you have finished let me have the results of your experiment.

I expect you have heard the little boy's definition of a friend, but here it is, anyway. "A friend is one who knows all about you and still likes you." That's pretty solid ground for a lasting friendship. You notice he didn't pick out just the bad qualities, for he said it's one "who knows all about you." That speaks well for the good in our fellow man, too, doesn't it? The good is always there, if we only "know all about you."

Right after luncheon tomorrow a bunch of us are leaving for a little fishing trip. If we run into a good fish market we will bring back some nice samples of our catch to show the boys.

Your loving,

DAD.

Sept. 15, 1922.

DEAR John:

You didn't have to tell me that Madge and the babies have returned home. I am not a Sherlock Holmes, but I could tell by the tone of your letter that you were feeling a lot happier and between the lines I fancied I could hear the laughter of the kiddies. I'll bet they do look mighty good to you.

I am delighted that Madge had the opportunity to attend a ladies' night meeting of the Rotary club while in Colorado and I am not surprised that she has come back so enthusiastic about Rotary.

Well, now that you have reminded

me of my promise to take up with you the question of how to get into the Rotary club I suppose that we may as well get down to brass tacks.

In the first place, John, bear in mind that the approach to Rotary is primarily through the classification. I mean by that statement that the Rotary club first determines what classification is open—that is, not already represented in Rotary and yet of sufficient importance to be desirable. The next step is to select the leader of that classification. Occasionally a classification may have a very limited following and there may not be a representative who is considered eligible for one reason or another. In such instance that classification must temporarily go unfilled. But the point I wish to make is that first of all the classification is sought—and then the man to fill it.

The Rotary club does not pick out a man whom it is believed would make a desirable Rotarian and then attempt to fit up a classification for him. Whenever a club proceeds along such lines as that it is treading on exceedingly dangerous grounds and the chances are that it will have occasion to regret such action many times. Such procedure is not conducive to a well balanced club and there will be overlappings in the classifications that have a distinctly detrimental effect on the attempt to build up a high-powered, harmonious organization. There are many men who would make splendid Rotarians, but since their crafts are already represented a club would be foolish to attempt to devise a classification just to get these men in and thereby weaken their organization. Should a club do such a thing it would be putting something over on no one but itself. The classification idea is something that has been worked out very carefully and the issue is something that must not and cannot be evaded.

Generally speaking most businesses are subject to classification under three headings—producing, distributing, and retailing. Under these three headings are established the major classifications covering the industrial world. Your business would come under the major classification of Furniture—Fixtures and Furnishings. This major classification is further divided into more than a score of minor classifications. Since more than sixty per cent of your business is along the line of household furniture and since you do a retail business your classification would be Household Furniture—Retailing.

I have no doubt that the Rotary club of your city has made a survey of the unfilled classifications in their club and under the classification, Household Furniture—Retailing, there has probably been listed your business and that of your half dozen or so competitors.

Just why you or someone else have not been invited to represent your line of business in the club, I, of course, do not know. But I am confident that there is a reason for it.

I know that you are a live wire and that you are financially responsible, so you have two very important requisites for membership. I don't know whether the public considers you the leader in the retail furniture business but at least you are one of the leaders. These things speak well for you and I am confident that you have been considered for membership. Now since you would undoubtedly qualify in respect to the three requirements I have just mentioned, we must look elsewhere to find the fly in the ointment.

I am not intending to be personal at all, John, but if we are to get at the bottom of this thing there are some questions that you will have to ask yourself and then answer in a perfectly frank manner. For instance, how near do you approach the Golden Rule of business conduct? This question of business ethics is a very important one. And by business ethics I don't refer merely to the kind of business conduct that keeps a man out of jail. You know, John, there is a mighty big chasm between business that is legal and business that is moral. It is impossible for the law to meet every business immorality that may arise. Moreover, I am not so sure that it would be desirable to attempt such a thing. The more effective way, and the more desirable way, is the accomplishment of better business methods through precept. This is one of the things that Rotary is attempting to do and I believe it is succeeding. The individual member is impressed with the desirability of conducting his own private business along the highest moral lines. He is taught to understand that a business transaction, to be ethical, must benefit the other fellow as well as himself. Rotary believes that a business man should make a profit, that he should make money, that he should be financially successful, but it insists that in every transaction a man must render a real service—the buyer must be benefited by the transaction. Rotary further believes that its code of ethics is so fundamentally sound that each Rotarian who practices it will be so benefited that other men in his craft will find it desirable and profitable to emulate him. But Rotary is not a reform school in the sense that it will accept to membership and attempt to convert men who are recognized as unethical.

Now, my boy, here is a pretty fair way to size up yourself so far as your business ethics are concerned. Suppose we look over your day's transactions. You know the details of all important sales and the instructions that your

clerks were working under when the minor ones were made. All right. Now let's turn around and see how they look from another angle. Remembering all the details that went into these transactions let's just suppose that you, yourself, were the customer and that you bought all those things from one of your competitors. If he had treated you in just the same way that you treated your customers and had in mind the same motives that you had in making each of these transactions would you, knowing all these details, feel that you had received a square deal? Would you like to be treated

today the way you treated your customers yesterday?

Understand, John, I am not assuming that you will or will not be able to answer "yes" to the above questions. I am merely putting the question to you in a spirit of helpfulness. We are trying to find out why you have never been invited to join the Rotary club. In the same spirit and in the same impersonal way I want to ask if you are one of those fellows who are bitterly opposed to all civic improvements. Such men, of course, are usually not the leaders in their own business lines. There's another question that will have

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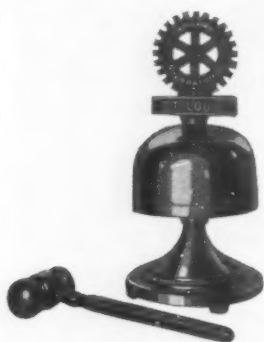
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to be answered. Are you a knocker? He, too, is usually a follower. Are you sure that you treat your employees in such a manner that they have not developed into knockers and speak ill of you and your business on the outside? These are just a few of the things that we will have to study in our attempt to determine why you are not a Rotarian. By eliminating one possible cause after another we shall finally come to the real obstacle—the one which is keeping you out of Rotary. Once that point has been reached the sailing will be easy providing we are willing to put

our ship in shape and follow the charted course.

By the way, I am expecting any day, now, to learn the results of the experiment I suggested you try on the sporting goods man whom you so cordially disliked.

Your mother and I send our love to all. We are getting mighty impatient to see the kiddies.

Your loving

DAD.

NOTE:—The second and last instalment of "The Letters of a Rotarian to His Son" will appear in the December Number.

Women and Rotary

(Continued from page 19)

of State, members of Parliament, magistrates, and are more and more entering into business and professional life in every direction. The professions are open to them and there are women barristers, accountants, doctors, and chartered secretaries. They have established themselves as auditors, directors of engineering companies, directors of collieries, chairmen of insurance companies, ministers of religion, advertising contractors, and are participating in nearly every branch of retail trade.

If then Rotary is to permeate business life with its message it is imperative that it should carry all competing and co-operating sections of the community with it, otherwise it can never achieve the end set before it, and inasmuch as woman is asking to be allowed to co-operate with us and is already largely engaged in carrying on similar occupations to men shall the privilege asked be denied her? If we refuse admission and help, shall we not be cutting off our right hand, for who is there who will deny to woman the highest tradition of service, ethics, ideals, and Goodwill and who like her has the power to prosecute a propaganda with a lofty aim in view. The example that our mother taught us at her knee, her persistent patience and careful nurture are there as evidence to remind us of this fact.

Whatever Rotary may mean to men it would mean more to women struggling for a livelihood in the welter of the world's business. Can we then keep this thing called "Rotary" to ourselves? Already efforts are being made to establish clubs of women in Great Britain on Rotary principles, which would be entirely separate from and independent of Rotary organization. What has to be considered is whether this is the wisest and best course to adopt. Some of us believe it is not, but that some method should be adopted for establishing and maintain-

ing a link between the clubs for men and the clubs for women and that they should work hand in hand like man and wife, toward the achievement of the objects set before them.

There you have the problem for solution.

PROPOSALS

No one suggests that this is not a matter which requires the earnest, thoughtful, and I might go so far as to say, prayerful consideration of every-one interested in Rotary.

Hasty legislation is to be deprecated equally with unconsidered action of a negative kind and the suggestion is made with all earnestness that the question should be referred to a representative commission which should examine the question from all sides with an open mind to see if some organization cannot be set up which shall grant to business women the privileges which men at the present time enjoy. In what form the two should be linked together it is too early to say, but it is clear from the wording of the application received that all that is desired is co-operation and conference and not, necessarily, joint supervision and control.

"Business Life," said Mrs. Wood at the Torquay Conference, should be and largely is the family life of a Nation, because in it men and women come into daily contact and find innumerable opportunities for mutual help and guidance. There is no such thing as a home without both a man and a woman in its history, and one of the partners in the national family life should not lightly be cut out. Until Rotary feels that the time has come, when recognition can be given so that we can help each other and the world better by working together, rather than by working separately, we shall go on as best we can praying and feeling that Rotary will, in the fullness of time, find a niche for the women just as a niche has been found for them in other walks of life."

Personal Experiences on the Platform

(Continued from page 21.)

attempt was pitiful. The fact of the matter was, I had paid too much attention to my friends who had not themselves been to war. They all insisted that it would be a very simple thing to get up and tell all that had happened from the day I left home until then. I believed this advice of my friends and so I prepared no notes whatever. It hardly describes it, to say the matter was pitiful, because my Army service was of two years duration and I did have one or two really thrilling and awful experiences, not to mention a thousand unimportant ones, such as "going over the top" on many occasions, killing one of the enemy with a bayonet and keeping my eyes open as I did it, and lesser things of that sort. However, that Sunday in McDougal Church I told all of my experience in ten minutes and to this day I have no recollection of what transpired during that ten minutes. I know that immediately after my "speech" I made a hurried exit before anyone had a chance to say a word to me, and although I had only one lung (the other was shot out), I am sure I did the first mile in nothing flat. . . Again, terror!

It was three days later before I had courage to walk down the main street, but to my astonishment and dismay each one of my friends whom I met congratulated me on the splendid speech. "Only one fault," said Ken Mitchell, "too short . . . you finished too soon." At the time I thought Ken was wrong, but that first awful experience taught me a very good lesson, always to leave an audience wanting more.

In Jack Tipp's tailoring establishment I was stopped one day by James Laurie, president of the Red Cross who extracted a promise from me that I would give a series of lectures for the Red Cross and "we are quite willing to pay you something for it," he said, "you must live, and your Sunday School talk was fine!"

"Hah, yes," I answered with that sea-sick feeling that I was to learn later an author gets who does something that he thinks is not much good and yet that becomes suddenly a "best seller." How I know the sensation. . . . "He has written a fine book . . . ladies and gentlemen tonight I have great pleasure in introducing to you Private Peat, author of the book of the same name, soldier, lecturer, traveller . . . Private Peat, ladies and gentlemen." It is then that one feels the whole lower section of one's body

receding . . . falling . . . an emptiness both of head and abdomen. And that sickly smile . . . it sticks. Had I known at the beginning how much inward illness I was to suffer in the years to come, I think I would have gone back to meeting people individually on their doorsteps and selling teas, coffees, and spices.

And so the Winter of 1916-17 saw me doing a Red Cross tour, a regularly advertised tour throughout Alberta. I was always "scared stiff" and because I could not and never have been able to accustom myself to make or use notes, I could never remember exactly what I said at the beginning of any of my talks except on one occasion which I mention later. I was always so concerned over my audiences, saying constantly to myself "suppose they are hostile and don't like me." Thus, I would start out blindly to the front of the stage with a sensation not unlike that of being at the real front, only instead of a bayonet I was armed with a sickly grin. If there is any such thing as a hostile audience I have never come into contact with one, and since that Winter I have lectured on three continents and I estimate before two million people. Yet I am always nervous . . . of what I cannot tell.

Nineteen seventeen saw Uncle Sam into the War, and it also found me arriving in Chicago, friendless and brought there by two sharpers who had signed me up for life, all my earnings of speaking and writings were to be divided amongst the three of us, equally. But my would-be managers had not even the necessary ten dollars to pay the lawyers who drew up the contract, and when I was called upon to pay this I balked. I was managerless and dollarless. However, I felt that it was necessary to get some kind of a hearing. I visited several of the managers but could not arouse interest. They all had the same answer . . . "this country is not interested in the war." This was May of 1917. Thus are managers so short-sighted, some of them anyhow, as to just what the public is interested in.

SO entirely discouraged was I at this time that anyone of them could have signed me up for a week or for ten years at fifty dollars a week. Or, had I had enough money at the time to buy a railroad ticket home most certainly I would have done so.

I went to see Mr. Vogeli, manager of Orchestra Hall, Chicago, and very boldly I rented the theater for a night

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

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some two weeks ahead. The price was three hundred dollars. The manager did not try to collect in advance . . . had he, I would have been forced to cancel the engagement. I visited a display printer and gave a large order.

The newspapers also accepted my advertising and no one asked for money. I was taking a great chance and to this day I wonder how my nerves stood out, although in an emergency I could have obtained money from friends in Edmonton. On two occasions a nervous collapse almost did come. One of these was three days before the lecture when only two dollars remained between me and starvation unless I applied to friends and that I determined not to do unless the thing was a failure. I remember one incident most vividly. Whilst tormenting my already overtaxed mind with a hundred worries, an auto tire blew out just behind me as I walked along the boulevard. At no time during action did a man hit the surface of the earth so fast as I did then. I picked myself up and resolved that I must keep cool.

At noon of the day of my lecture, all my bills were presented at the box office and including the hall rental, I owed exactly One Thousand One Hundred and Five Dollars and Sixty Cents. The box office advance sales up to this time were only a little over five hundred dollars and it was here that my nerves almost went for the second time. Shell-shock—pooh! What is that to bill shock?

At six o'clock there was little difference in the condition of the advance sale, and I was really weak, not only because I had not been able to afford anything to eat all day, but because of the combination of everything else.

At seven o'clock, things were picking up and by eight the house was sold out. Talk about a grand and glorious feeling! I was established; all that remained was to make good on the platform. It was time to commence, when Manager Vogeli rushed back stage to me—"Have you anyone to introduce you?" I had not. I had not thought of it. He kindly said he would do so. Like a flash an idea struck me so I answered "No." I had been advertised everywhere with the regulation military cap stuck jauntily on the side of my head. I quickly removed the cap and stepped out upon the stage. Although my teeth chattered, for the first and only time in my life I knew what I was going to say first. I told that great audience that Private Peat was a friend of mine, a life-long friend, that I had fought with him in France, that he had acquitted himself as he was reported to have done and received the discharge of a disabled soldier and a gentleman, and now upon his first public American appearance I was glad to

see such a wonderful audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," I said, "here is Private Peat." I went back quickly and in a flash had adjusted my cap and was again before the audience. It would not have made any difference what I did now; my success was already made. Never since then have I had such a thrill. The audience was quick to catch my "stunt" and they cheered and applauded for a long time.

A WEEK later a certain community made a request for me through the Lyceum Bureau from which they got all their talent. The manager wrote to me and asked would I fill this date for him. My answer was in effect that as my fees were now five hundred dollars a lecture, I doubted very much whether he could pay for it. I don't know whether he believed me. I hope he did, because to write those words to this manager pleased me. He was the first one to tell me that the American people would not be interested in a war lecture.

So much were the American people interested in the war that they gladly paid as high as four thousand dollars a single lecture at Carnegie Hall, New York, to hear a lone Private Peat or Sergt. Guy Empey, of "Over the Top" fame, tell a simple story of war experiences. I add, however, that the lecturer never received those amounts, for the managers receive a certain percentage. I might add that the managers are also very necessary, but once or twice the complication of manager and lecturer has made me feel badly. When there is a local deficit, the papers always blame the lecturer as in one instance which I now recall. I was sold outright to a local committee of a southern city and the proceeds of the meeting were to go to the Crippled Children's Hospital, a very worthy cause indeed. But the committee had bungled somehow and instead of a profit a bad deficit was the result. Imagine my consternation next day upon reading a front-page article in the local paper headed "Noted war hero gets five hundred dollars—Crippled children get nothing." How was I to let the world know that the war hero, noted or otherwise, only received one hundred and fifty dollars out of which had to come his expenses, and the manager got the three hundred and fifty. This is the first opportunity I have had of righting myself on this particular incident and I could cite happenings of a similar kind where other war lecturers took the blame of being mercenary, whereas they were helpless under a contract.

Just as suddenly as the war ended, so came the end of all war talkers and war books. People were justly fed up. I, myself, was sick of it. Had I been

earning a thousand dollars a day and the end of the war meant starvation to me, I would have thanked God for the ending. With my million civilian friends I was fed up with talking every day about the same rotten thing and doing it with a smile, when down deep I wanted to cry for the hatred of war which I had. So much I loathed it and yet my everlasting trade-mark was that "Cheshire cat" grin—"back with a smile." I had longed for the day it would end so that I could say just what I felt and thought of the vilest sin, the most demoralizing thing man has ever invented.

And yet, sometimes, behind the camouflage of that smile, I got my chance of war denunciation and there came the shadowy outline of an idea for the promotion of Universal Peace.

Once I recall when attached to the Fuel Administration (for which I had the honor to draw an annual salary of one dollar), I was sent to settle a coal strike in one of the Virginias. There, I met the men at the pit mouth and my arguments on peace, for I let war severely alone that day, sent them first crowding to shake my left hand until it was almost as limp as my right, which was then still paralyzed from the gunshot wound in my shoulder, and then crowding down the pits to hurry on the work which would more swiftly bring the ghastly thing to an end and give us a chance who wanted to preach peace.

I wrote "Private Peat" in a month and it was the experiences of two years, somewhat condensed; but it has taken the study, the war experience, the travel and the thoughts of a total of ten years to perfect in a degree the idea which came to me five years ago—peace by educating the hearts and souls and minds of the children of the world in a hatred of war, by telling them the truth, the ghastly truth, about war and eliminating the glory which after all is mainly fictional. So I wrote my next book, which was my first book on Peace, and I lectured on the subject on three continents, Europe, America and Australasia, before it was put on paper. The committing of the idea to paper was comparatively easy as was the committing to paper of the experiences of war, but I found the facts of Peace harder to get than the facts of war. And I found this—Peace is more thrilling than war.

There is more romance in a day of Peace than in a year of war. In five years research on the subject of Peace, I have found that people know little about it. They do not notice Peace. And they do not love Peace. People pretend to love it, but it is to war that their enthusiasm is given. When people come to express thanks to a hero it is the peace hero who is forgotten and

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the war hero who is immortalized. The heroes of Peace are forgotten in song, in story, and in history. Their monuments are scattered and few.

The greatest book has not yet been written. It will be the story of Peace, and the author will be an immortal of immortals. The story of Peace would be a history of the world it has been said to me. It would be so. The true history. The histories of today are stories of wars and victories, camou-

flaged with glory, and made to glitter with adventure. Peace is a force of such grandeur that no tinsel glitter will be needed to portray its perfection.

Until the life work I have undertaken—to "do my bit" to establish a foundation for World Peace—is completed, I see a long way to travel on the forward road. The aid of Rotarians with their sixth object is the greatest boost Peace has had in its, as yet, very puling efforts to gain world notice.

Labor Conditions the World Over

(Continued from page 26.)

shift." Naturally there is a rapidly growing radicalism among the poor.

Osaka has the highest death rate of any city in the world due to the neglect of the workers. "Crowded into two small districts are thousands of people living in little dark, dog kennels, six feet wide and eight feet long. Twenty-eight families live in each alley, at either end of which are two filthy latrines used by all. The inhabitants are underfed, overcrowded until they have to sleep side by side, men, women, and children, all together. There is the foul air from the open sewers and the smoke of the factories; the people die like flies. We could see the great chimneys of the factories where Osaka, with her rapid industrialization, is making money, but is burning up her childhood under the dark pall of factory smoke."

Labor is attempting some form of organization to bring about a better order of life. Dr. Eddy concludes his chapter on Japan with a moving recital of the life of that noble Japanese leader, Kagawa, which must be read to be appreciated.

We pass next into the story of India where it seems that the writer is most at home, due undoubtedly to his long residence in India in years past. Industrial conditions in India are much better than in China, though it is the poorest country in the world. The average income of the population of India, which comprises one-fifth of the human race, is less than five cents a day. "India has an industrial population of some eight millions. There are approximately fourteen million people engaged in primitive or cottage industries and over two hundred millions in agriculture. In 5,312 modern factories British India has 1,367,136 workers, a number larger than in China and a little less than in Russia or Japan."

This brings about just the conditions that one would imagine, disease, sickness, a high death rate among infants, etc. In Cawnpore fifty-seven per cent of the children of workers died during the first year of their lives. In other words five hundred and seventy per thousand infants die as against eighty-

three per thousand in England.

Much of the industrial life of India is really controlled by the foreign companies that own the capital. The profits made in the mills are stupendous. "During the hard times over most of the world in 1922, the mills of Bombay on an investment of some \$40,000,000 made a profit of over \$50,000,000, or an average of 125 per cent. The year before they made a profit of over 170 per cent. These were certainly exceptional years, but in the meantime their wage scale for all workers averaged only \$10.00 a month, or 33 cents a day. Many of the mills of Western India are now demanding a reduction of this wage scale. Is the profit of the single manufacturer or the welfare of the thousands of these stunted personalities of greater moment?"

The most significant fact about India is Gandhi. The writer does not go into detailed discussion of him and his movement but in a few very striking paragraphs reminds us of the changed spirit that prevails throughout the land since Gandhi. One mine superintendent said to Dr. Eddy: "I can't beat the men as I once did. There is a new spirit among the workers since Gandhi appeared. For two years I have not dared lay hands on a man. If you beat one now, a hundred others will go for you. The workers have been quite spoiled by this new movement."

Following these chapters on the Asiatic countries come a series on Russia, continental Europe, the British and American labor movements. The discussion is necessarily limited and the writer contents himself with a sober and authoritative review of the social movements in these countries. The effort is entirely commendable and Dr. Eddy has made his book indispensable to the business man or student of social affairs who wants a readable, reliable summary of the conditions of human life in the world in which we live.

It is refreshing to turn from the hysteria of the daily press, where men's emotions are always boiling, to this calm and well-considered presentation of facts. The book is a distinct contribution by a distinguished leader.

Peace—or War?

(Continued from page 9)

and devices, would bring us nearer to salvation than any covenant can do. If the world's chemists and the world's engineers would hold annual meetings in a friendly spirit for the salvation of mankind! If they could agree together that to exercise their ingenuity on the perfecting of destructive agents for the use of governments was a crime; to take money for it a betrayal of their species! If we could have such exchange of international thought as that, then indeed we might hear the rustle of salvation's wings. And—after all—why not? The answer to the question: Is there to be happiness or misery, growth or ruin for the human species, does not now lie with governments. Governments are competitive trustees for competitive sections of mankind. Put destruction in their hands and they will use it to further the interests of those for whom they are trustees; just as they will use and even inspire the spiritual poison gas of the Press. The real key to the future is in the hands of those who provide the means of destruction. Are scientists (chemists, inventors, engineers) to be Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Japanese, Russians, before they are men, in this matter of the making of destruction? Are they to be more concerned with the interests of their own countries, or with the interests of the human species? That has become the question they have to answer now that they have for the first time the future of the human race within their grasp. Modern invention has taken such a vast stride forward that the incidence of responsibility is changed. It rests on Science as it never did before; on Science, and on—Finance. There again the exchange of international thought has become terrifically important. The financiers of the world, for instance, in the light of their knowledge, under the pressure of their difficulties, out of the motive of mutual aid, could certainly devise some real and lasting economic betterment of the present ruination, if only they would set to work steadily, not spasmodically, to exchange international thought.

THE hard-head's answer to such suggestions is: "Nonsense! Inventors, chemists, engineers, financiers, all have to make their living, and are just as disposed to believe in their own countries as other men. Their pockets and the countries who guarantee those pockets, have first call on them." Well! That has become the point. If neither Science nor Finance will agree to think internationally, there is probably nothing for it but to kennel-up in disenchant-

ment, and wait for an end which can't be very long in coming—not a complete end, of course, say—a general condition of affairs similar to that in the famine provinces of Russia.

It is easy to be pessimistic, and easy to indulge in cheap optimism; to steer between the two is hard. We still have a chance of saving and improving such civilization as we have; but this chance depends on how far we succeed in exchanging international thought in the next few years. To some the word international has a socialistic, even communistic, significance. But, as here used, it has nothing whatever to do with

economic theories, class divisions, or political aims. The exchange of international thought which alone can save us, is the exchange of thought between *craftsmen*—between the statesmen of the different countries; the lawyers of the different countries; the scientists, the financiers, the writers of the different countries. We have the mediums of exchange (however inadequately made use of) for the statesmen and the lawyers; but the scientists (inventors, chemists, engineers) and the financiers, the two sets of craftsmen in whose hands the future of the world chiefly lies, at present lack adequate machinery

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for the exchange of international thought, and adequate conception of the extent to which world responsibility now falls on them. If they could once realize the supreme nature of that responsibility, the battle of salvation should be half won.

Coming to the exchange of international thought in my own craft, there seem three ways in which writers, as such, can help to ease the future of the world. They can be friendly and hospitable to the writers of other countries—and for this purpose exists the international P. E. N. Club, with its many and increasing branches. They can recognize and maintain the principle that works of the imagination, indeed all works of art, are the property of mankind at large, and not merely of the country of their origin; that to discontinue (for example) during a war with Germany the reading of German poetry, the listening to German music, the looking at German pictures, was a harmful absurdity which should never be repeated. Any real work of art, however individual and racial in root and fibre, is impersonal and universal in its appeal. Art is one of the great natural links (perhaps the only great natural link) between the various breeds of men, and to scotch its gentling influence in time of war is to confess ourselves still apes and tigers. Only writers can spread this creed, only writers can keep the door open for art during national feuds; and it is their plain duty to do this service to mankind.

The third and greatest way in which the writer can ease the future is simply stated in the words: Fair Play. The power of the Press is a good third to the powers of Science and Finance. If the Press, as a whole, never diverged from fair report; if it refused to give unmeasured service to party or patriotic passion; if it played the game as Sport plays it—what a clearance of the air! At present, with, of course, many and distinguished exceptions, the Press in every country plays the game according to rules of its own which have too little acquaintance with those of sport.

The Press is manned by a great crew of writers, the vast majority of whom have in private life a higher standard of fair play than that followed by the Press ship they man. They would, I believe, be the first to confess that. Improvement in Press standards of international and political fair play can only come from the individual writers who make up the Press. And such reform will not come until editors and journalists acquire the habit of exchanging thought internationally, of

broadening their minds and hearts with other points of view, of recognizing that they must treat as they would themselves be treated. Only, in short, when they do as they would, most of them, individually choose to do, will a sort of word-miasma cease to breed international agues and fever. We do not commonly hold, in private life, that ends justify means. Why should they be held to justify means in Press life—why should report so often be accepted without due examination when it is favorable to one's views; rejected without due examination when it is unfavorable; why should the other side's view so often be burked; and so on, and so on? The Press has great power and professes high ideals; it has much virtue; it does great service; but it does greater harm when, for whatever reason, it diverges from truth, or from the principles of fair play.

To sum up, Governments and Peoples are no longer in charge. Our fate is really in the hands of the three great Powers—Science, Finance, and the Press. Underneath the showy political surface of things, those three great Powers are secretly determining the march of the nations; and there is little hope for the future unless they can mellow and develop on international lines. In each of these departments of life there must be men who feel this, as strongly as the writer of these words. The world's hope lies with them; in the possibility of their being able to institute a sort of craftsman's trusteeship for mankind—a new triple alliance, of Science, Finance, and the Press, in service to a new idealism. Nations, in block, will never join hands, never have much in common, never be able to see each others' point of view. The outstanding craftsmen of the nations have a far better chance of seeing eye to eye; they have the common ground of their craft, and a livelier vision. What divides them at present is a too narrow sense of patriotism, and—to speak crudely—money. Inventors must exist; financiers live; and papers pay. And, here, Irony smiles. Though Science, Finance, and the Press at present seem to doubt it, there is, still, more money to be made out of the salvation of mankind than out of its destruction; a better and a more enduring livelihood for these three Estates. And yet without the free exchange of international thought, we may be fairly certain that the present purely national basis of their livelihoods will persist, and if it does the human race will not, or at least so meagrely that it will be true to say of it, as of Anatole France's old woman: "It lives but so little!"

J. R. Sprague has written for the December Number an extremely interesting article on the Rotary clubs in France and their activities. The article is the result of Mr. Sprague's recent observations in France.

The Guest of Honor

(Continued from page 23)

with him next day. It was—rather an impressive lunch, and Jerry was thirty minutes late at the office in consequence. At the end of it he found himself inviting Wolfe home for a week-end. He didn't know just why he gave the invitation, but on looking back he realized that Wolfe had manoeuvred things to that end.

"That was the beginning. The Wards' aunt was charmed with Wolfe, and urged him cordially to come again. She was secretly delighted to see her nephews making what she considered so advantageous a friend. When on a later visit, they gave a little dinner in his honor, it was she who suggested asking, not the old friends but a few of the summer people; and I am bound to say that the boys needed no urging. You see, they were a bit overawed by Wolfe. It wasn't so much his added years, as the fact that he seemed more sophisticated than the boys and girls of their own town. They had a desire to appear worldly wise in the eyes of this new acquaintance; so it was a select little dinner, at which, when they heard of it, some of the old crowd were hurt, while others, who had a glimmering of which way the wind blew, merely smiled ironically.

"WOLFE repaid them by a dinner and theater party in the city: a gorgeous and expensive entertainment. He came for another Sunday, and seemed to approve, not only of the summer population, but of one or two old friends who happened to innocently intrude while he was there. He was indeed, a jolly good fellow—plenty of money, apparently, and no desire to save it at the expense of his friends. He thought nothing of taking them to New York for a play, returning on the midnight train, or, if it were a Saturday, putting them up at the best hotel, and the best was none to good for Wolfe or his friends. When the Wards' aunt went to Europe the next summer, Wolfe stayed with the boys to keep them company. He had a latch key and came and went as he pleased, making himself perfectly at home, yet never ceasing his lavish expenditures in their behalf. The aunt considered the arrangement 'ideal.' It was so fortunate that her two dear boys had formed this 'delightful friendship.'

"At about this time—it had been growing gradually—a certain coolness became evident between the Wards and their old friends. As time went on and they grew more and more enamored of Wolfe, and his insatiable desire

for extravagant entertaining, they saw less and less of the young people with whom they had grown up. Some of these old friends were deeply hurt, even while they scorned the Wards for their snobbery. Others were amused at what they called the Wards' 'infatuation'; but a certain girl unwittingly betrayed through look or action a deep hurt that the months failed to heal."

Benton paused to light a cigarette. His eyes swept round the group, and seeing that even Fox seemed interested, he continued:

"The thing went on for about two years, creating, not unnaturally, a steadily widening rift between the

Ward boys and their old friends, whom they had practically dropped. Even when they occasionally met, there was an undoubted coolness in the air. The old ties of comradeship were broken, and down underneath those boys knew it was their own doing.

"By this time Jerry had made considerable advance in the banking house, and held a position of some importance. He was the only man, save the president of the company, who carried a key to the cash drawer in the office vault. Consequently, it was something of a jolt when he opened it one morning, to find it empty. Some fourteen hundred dollars in cash had

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vanished, yet the combination had not been tampered with.

"The days that followed were not pleasant. No one really suspected Jerry any more than they suspected the president, but with a detective in charge the atmosphere of the office was far from agreeable. Wolfe, when told of the affair that night, was all sympathy. He even made suggestions as to who, in his opinion, might be the culprit. There were, he said, certain men in that office whom he had never trusted. Jerry agreed with him, although he had never thought of it until that minute.

"Wolfe spent Monday night with the Wards and departed the next day. He expected, so he told the aunt, to be very busy the next day, but would come out with Jerry on Wednesday night. She was giving a little dinner at which she was counting on his charming presence. Usually on these occasions he joined Jerry at train time, and they would walk (or ride, if it suited Wolfe's mood), to the station; so when on that memorable Wednesday he did not appear, Jerry sought the offices above and inquired for him. The president of the company, a friend of the Wards, was just leaving when he heard Jerry's question. He beckoned him into a private room—closed the door, and made a statement that fell like a bomb on the unsuspecting young man.

"I am sorry to tell you, Ward, that Wolfe skipped out last night with every dollar he could lay his hands on."

"Good gosh!" came a smothered exclamation from one of the White twins, who, along with his boyish face had a boyish enjoyment in anything resembling a detective story, and who was listening intently to Benton's recital.

BENTON smiled. "Like a flash," he continued, "Jerry saw the whole thing—or what he *thought* was the whole thing then. Wolfe had made an impression of his key to the cash drawer. He could have done it any night while Jerry slept. He had also watched Jerry open the doors to the big vault any number of times, and had easily discovered the combination. How he got into the other safe Ward did not ask. He was stunned with the knowledge that his glorified friend was a thief. It wasn't until a week later, when he received notice from three banks that his accounts were overdrawn, that he discovered the worst."

"You don't mean?" exclaimed the doctor, "that he'd stolen from the boys, themselves?"

Benton nodded. "He made a pretty good haul; fourteen hundred from one banking house—twelve from another, and he'd forged both George's and Jerry's checks to the amount of—some twenty thousand dollars!"

Benton smiled amusedly into the ab-

sorbed faces. "As George said afterwards," he went on, "they'd paid for all that rashness in entertaining themselves! And I musn't forget the shirts—six brand-new ones, that George, who was Wolfe's build, had just had made to order at his friend's suggestion!

"Somehow," said the doctor, as the laugh which followed this last statement subsided, "that seems the meanest trick of all. But just the same—I can't help feeling that the whole thing served the Ward boys good and right. Did they ever get back on the old footing with the friends they'd treated so shabbily?"

A shadow, like the reflection of a cloud, swept across Benton's face, bringing to light certain lines that had not been visible before.

"No," he answered, "not exactly. People can't forget when they've been snubbed by the folks who made mud pies with them. Somehow that sort of thing doesn't—go down. Oh, of course they went 'round more or less with the old gang, but they didn't feel comfortable in the old way. And for Jerry, anyway, things weren't the same. The brown-eyed girl had married another man!"

"But," came suddenly from the White cherub who liked detective stories, "didn't they catch the scoundrel?"

"They didn't try. Both banking houses preferred to hush things up, and the Wards—well, they weren't exactly anxious to advertise the fact that they'd been buncoed! There was a good deal of glitter, you see, while it lasted, but—it wasn't gold."

"And didn't they even give him a run for his money?"

Benton shook his head.

"Well," said one of the White twins disgustedly, "I should think it would have riled those Ward boys just the same, not to have Wolfe punished."

"Perhaps he has been punished," suggested George Marshall quietly.

Benton looked up quickly. "That's what I often wonder, Marshall. Has Wolfe been punished—or has he gone serenely on his way, cheating his friends, and all the time, perhaps without knowing it, cheating himself still more? It would be interesting, I think, to follow out the result of a start like that. In some ways I should like to come face to face with Wolfe, just to see what the years had done to him."

"What would you do if you should come face to face with him?" asked Jackson Fox. "Offer him up to justice?"

"Would that be my duty—do you think?"

Although Benton was answering Fox, the question seemed general, and no one replied until, after a thoughtful minute George Marshall said: "That

would depend—wouldn't it—on circumstances?"

The doctor laughed as he laid an affectionate hand on Marshall's knee. "Our parson," he explained, "can produce extenuating circumstances for almost any crime. For my part, I think a man as unscrupulous as your friend Wolfe, would better be behind bars. Suppose he married, and—"

"That's just the point I was going to make," struck in Fox eagerly. He threw his cigarette into the fire, and leaned forward, so that the light struck across his face. "Suppose, after a time he *did* marry the—the right sort of girl. Miracles like that sometimes happen. He might, you know have thought he had the right to a fresh start and that *she* had the right to think her husband all that he meant to be in the future. It would be rather rough on *her*, wouldn't it, if you handed him over to the authorities?"

"I hadn't considered that side of it," acknowledged the doctor. "I think I shall alter my verdict to agree with the parson's. Circumstances *do* alter cases; yet if this case were as you cite it, Fox, wouldn't the man have endeavored to make restitution?"

"And court discovery?" asked Fox quickly. "*He* wouldn't have known that they weren't hunting him. Lord! it would be hard enough living in that shadow, without running any further risks. Just keeping such a secret from one's wife would be torture, wouldn't it?"

"That would depend on the wife," replied the doctor, "and how much a man cared for her peace of mind. Well, —'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' and I've no notion to pass sentence on an erring brother. What do you say, Benton?"

BENTON had suddenly grown grave. He arose, standing with his back to the fire, looking down upon them—yet his eyes seemed focused on something far away.

"This evening," he said quietly "has been strangely illuminating to me. When I began this story I didn't know just where I stood on the subject of vengeance—or justice, whichever you choose to call the majesty of the law. Now things look clear, and I think that if I *should* come face to face with Wolfe, and feel convinced that he was trying to walk the street called straight—that he was well fixed financially, and that there were others to whom his good name counted, I'd say: 'Look here, Wolfe, you played me a mean trick twenty years ago. I know you for a thief and a liar; but in spite of that you taught me a lesson that I'll never forget—namely, that there's nothing meaner on God's green earth, than a snob—a man who turns his

back on his old friends for the sake of something that glistens a little brighter—be it tinsel or gold. For the sake of that lesson we'll call the slate wiped clean, and to-night you'll write a check for twenty thousand dollars, plus interest at five per cent for the twenty years you've had the use of it, made payable to George Marshall, let's say, for instance, in trust for the starving children of Europe.' Does that sound square?"

Benton's eyes came back from the far-away place where they had strayed. Every man in the group was looking at him as he said, with his winning smile: "You've guessed, of course, that

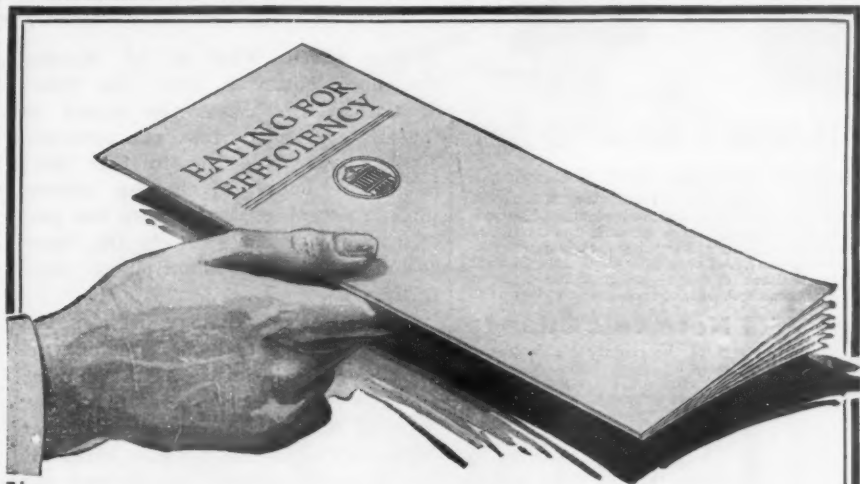
Ward is just a *nom de plume* for Benton?"

"By thunder!" cried Henry White surprisedly, "I may be dull, but I didn't suspect it until this minute! I think it was pretty white of you to tell us."

Benton laughed lightly. "Oh, as for that," he answered, "I'm the gainer, since confession is said to be profitable to the soul."

"I almost wish," said Marshall, as he laid a friendly hand on Benton's shoulder, "that the ending of your story might be true—when I remember those starving children."

Benton smiled. "But you haven't



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told me—any of you—if you think my proposition would be square.”

“I think it's more than square,” said Jackson Fox. “I call it generous.” He arose, stretching himself lazily as he regained his feet. “And for the sake of the fugitive, Benton, as well as those hungry kids I hope you meet your man. But haven't we tackled problems enough for one night? There's a billiard table in the next room that appeals to me.”

Next day, when John Benton was

eight hours on his way East, the postman left a letter for the pastor of All Souls' Church. It was signed Benton, and contained only three lines:

“The enclosed was given me last night. I know I can trust you with the secret its signature reveals.”

Marshall opened the enclosure. It was a check for forty thousand dollars, made payable to himself, in trust for the starving children of Europe, and signed by Jackson Fox, the guest of honor at Colonel Ripley's dinner.

Among Our Letters

(Continued from page 29.)

hideous effect. What of it? Murder has been outlawed since the times of Cain. Are those who expect to formulate the decree of outlawry against war expecting to fold their hands in belief of having accomplished something, and ignore the possibility of recurring war? Oh, these decree-makers, word-multipliers, fact-ignorers!

There is clear analogy between the crime of murder and the crime of war. Whatever be the cause of the murder those who are not adherents of the doctrine of non-resistance to evil, either personally or by their agents hired for that purpose, pursue the murderer and seek to punish him to prevent further repetitions of the crime. In respect to murder as other crimes society may either by armed guardians of the peace and by punishment of offenders do all possible to prevent crime from being a success, or men may, as at times they have done, resist crime so little as to permit criminals to prey upon society with impunity. Non-resistance to criminals always increases crime. Social history teaches the desirability of society meeting crime with club and gun and prison and death. At that, statisticians tell us that two per cent of our population furnishes all our criminals. Preponderance of lawful sentiment is not a safeguard against crime. What then? Is it unchristian to fight crime and its effects? If it is not unchristian to resist evil in individual criminals, why is it unchristian to resist the accomplishment of evil consequences by an aggregate of individuals acting as a nation?

Christianity functioning along lines of wisdom will seek to remove causes of war. The centuries have seen progress in this direction. No longer will nations fight on account of the beauty of a Helen. No longer may the personal ambitions of a monarch moving independently of a great national sentiment bring war. Doubtless desires for commercial supremacy or increased territory could not now produce a war.

Increased average intelligence and information among the peoples of the whole world with larger popular control of government have inevitably decreased the chance of war. Sober thought commends peaceful settlement. However, good judgment will remember that strange misconceptions of philosophy and fact convinced Germany of a divine mission to rule the world. Who will say that no other erroneous idea will hereafter threaten the world? Human capacity to err seems infinite, and wisdom will not ignore this fact. Right sentiment must expect to subdue such error by whatever means are necessary, possibly by war.

It is ignorant folly to say that war never accomplished a good end. Whatever the World War did not do, this it did: It stopped Germany. The world had its choice of permitting Germany to dominate the world or fighting Germany to a standstill. It took the latter alternative. What Christian pacifist dares say we did wrong? Who will say that our nation or the world will not again face a similar alternative? Our early policy of non-resistance to Germany with the expressed statement that we were too proud to fight did not obviate but merely postponed the necessity of our choice, either to permit Germany to win with full domination of the world as a result, or risk our all in the hazard of war. Surely only a perverted mind can say that America's defense of her ideals of civilization was unchristian. And yet if war is henceforth to be unchristian, that war was unchristian, and its sacrifices sin; the war by which the Southern States were prevented from dismembering the Union and establishing the doctrine that the pact between the States is a rope of sand was unchristian; the war by which American independence was established was unchristian; the battle of Tours by which Western Europe was saved from the Mohammedan religion was unchristian; Marathon and the turning back of Persian despotism was

a sin: Greece should have listened to her pacifists who advised submission, as Lincoln should have done. All this, if to make war is unchristian.

With due allowance to the peculiar religious ideas which account for so much perverse thinking and the establishment of hundreds of Christian sects, we feel that the real cause of the pacifist teaching is that its adherents have resolved that a whole skin and an undepleted purse are the Supreme Good for humanity. The Christian doctrine of good resulting from willing sacrifice of all for the sake of righteousness is ignored. Such perversity seems designed to prove that the children of this world are wiser in their day and generation than the children of light.

War is doubtless the supreme physical curse of humanity. Every human power should be devoted to the wise extension of efforts for its prevention, but the Christian can not forget the idea of individual responsibility. In the last analysis the relation to war is an act of individual conscience. Sin is worse than any physical effect. He who is willing to barter or yield the priceless heritage of himself and others, surrender the institutions committed to his keeping, in face of a threat as we received from Germany, is either unnaturally perverted mentally or a physical coward, or both. Falsehood to his trust is sin. His rejection of the higher spiritual good through physical fear is sinful. His is not such a choice as Christ would make or approve, for His character was highest, unselfish, always courageous manliness.

Who's Your Friend?

(Continued from page 15.)

the kindest and wisest and most affectionate dog in seven counties. Well-to-do and intelligent and well-educated people can be just as good friends as slovenly, impoverished, and ignorant people. They often are. You don't have to crawl under the sink to find genuine friends. They are scattered all over the house.

I was reading the other day a book on the wonderful Mayan civilization that existed in Yucatan and in the days before America was discovered by Columbus and in the book was given a picture of a copper bell, similar to our sleigh bells, and the author said this bell was the most widespread object of metal found in all those regions. He says that Cogolludo, who wrote back in 1688, says copper bells were used among the Mayans as a medium of exchange—as money, in fact. Copper and gold bells were found in the ruins of the four great ancient civilizations of North and Central America—Aztec, Mayan, Zapotecan and Tarascan—and in one place a very large number were found in a cache—some old fel-

low's bank account, I suppose. Other similar caches of similar bells have been found.

I admit that I rather like this idea of a legal-tender currency that can make a few cheerful remarks as you tote it around. It would show whether a man was prosperous or not. If you met a man who did not jingle at all you would spot him instantly as the village ne'er-do-well, but if you met a man who jingled like a two-horse sleigh you would know he was a solid, substantial citizen, worth all of \$48.60 in good cash money. And when you heard

a noise coming down the street that sounded like a load of steel bars and the Christmas chimes and the Swiss Bell Ringers all combined in one, you would be dead sure it was someone worth edging up to—Mr. Huitzilhuatl of the Tenochtitlan National Bank, or Billy Axayacatl of the Tezcatlipoca Trust Company, or perhaps Mrs. Coatlicue, whose husband owned the Popocatepetl Sulphur Mine.

When Mr. Huitzilhuatl came strolling down Xocoyotzin Avenue making a noise like a million dollars, you could depend on seeing plenty of people



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crowding around him and kow-towing to him, but you could spot the sycophants instantly — the crowdiers-in who wanted to make something out of him, borrow a couple of bells for a few weeks or get him to buy a few shares in the United Aztec Human Sacrifice Supply Company—because they would hardly jingle at all, even when they were joggled. And you could tell his friends with equal ease by the coppery jangle they gave forth as they walked. But Mr. Huitziluhitl would have a warm handshake for some others; he would have a handshake, for instance for this young fellow with eight copper bells strung around his neck and a genuine eighteen-carat gold bell hanging from the end of his nose. His words might be "Howdy, Tizoc; how's the boy? Come up to the house tonight and we'll have a little game of Mah Jongg," but his thought would be "There's a boy! Only a five-beller last month and now he's a nine-beller, and one of them gold. There's a lad who knows how to get along on his own hook; he doesn't want to borrow money from me; he likes me because he likes me. That boy is going to make a big jingle in the world before he is through. Fine fellow!"

THIS idea of noisy money is not altogether a bad one. We have in the U. S. A. one of the meanest pieces of paper money that was ever printed—our two-dollar bill. It is the sneakingest piece of money I ever saw, and it will gum-shoe in among a lot of one-dollar bills and sit there without uttering a peep, and before you know it you have grasped it and paid it out instead of a dollar bill. You start out with eight dollars in your pocket—six ones and one of these pussy-footed two's and buy something for one dollar, and when you reach home you discover you have only six dollars left. I think our Government would do well if it retired those deaf-and-dumb two-dollar bills and minted a handsome twenty-dollar gold piece in the form of a sleighbell, with a small ring at the top so you could wear it around your neck or on your watch-chain. If I was running the mint I would coin a lot of different varieties of this sleighbell money—A-Flat and B-Sharp and the whole scale—so that a man would want to get a full set to wear around his neck to give off a sweetly harmonious tune when he walked. This would encourage us to save money.

It might be necessary to coin something other than sleighbells. I would not, for example, care to be J. P. Morgan and go on an ocean voyage with all my money strung on me, because in case of wreck it would sink me too suddenly. I think this difficulty could be overcome by coining \$1,000 sheep-

bells and, let us say, \$1,000,000 fire-engine gongs. A really rich man, coming down Fifth Avenue with two- or three-dozen solid-gold fire-gongs sewed to his chest and all gonging at once like a three-alarm fire would not be taken for a pauper. People would know he was a thrifty citizen and entitled to respect.

In a way, I suppose, diamonds and houses and things of that sort serve now in place of self-advertising money of the sleigh-bell variety, but a man usually makes his wife carry the diamonds around, and it is not always convenient for a fellow to hunt up a man's wife to see whether that man is worthy of financial respect or not. She may be in Europe, or at Palm Beach, or she may be camping in Canada and have the diamonds locked up in a safe-deposit box.

I think it is rather a shame that it has come to be the style to consider money something mean and sordid. I suspect that this is because money can earn interest and a man can own money outright. This puts money in the slave class, because a slave is owned and works for its owner, too, and as slavery is sordid we have come to think of money as being sordid. This would not be the case if money was more showy and interesting and made in the form of platinum sleighbells set with diamonds. A person could then get some real enjoyment out of his money without setting it to work or spending it for one thing or another.

Personally, I always like to think of money as wheat—that a dollar bill is a bushel of wheat, let us say. Then, if I have saved ten dollars I have ten bushels of wheat in a pile, and I can trade that wheat for a pair of shoes, or feed my family with it. If you look forward to next year and can't be absolutely sure what your harvest is going to be, it is a satisfaction to know you have ten bushels of wheat on hand, no matter what happens, that will keep your family and yourself alive awhile while you are pecking around for more. When you think of money as wheat you are less apt to fill your pockets with it and go forth and throw it away. If a man starts for home with a dollar in his pocket and a good beefsteak under his arm he may stop and gamble away the dollar in a nickel-in-the-slot machine, but he hangs onto the beefsteak.

A dollar in the bank is good wheat in the bin or good beefsteak in the refrigerator and when you throw away a dollar you are throwing away good food that may keep you from being hungry some day.

And that brings me to what I want to say about friends. I think a man, particularly a young man but also older

men, ought to try to choose friends among the most prosperous people he can find, provided they can meet his intellectual requirements, and they usually can do that. To be ready to take advantage of opportunities to associate with prosperous people a man should try to have the mental and sartorial clothing that will prevent him from feeling out of place in their company.

THAT a man who finds his greatest enjoyment in intellectual companionship should try to associate with men of superior intelligence is too evident to need explanation. Everyone knows that. The better the brains with which you come in contact the better your own brain will be. But it is equally true that the more prosperous the people with whom you associate the more prosperous you will be. And this does not mean sycophancy or hanging on. Not at all.

Imagine four villages in four parts of the country. One of these villages is a shiftless village! nobody does much work and nobody ever stores up much wheat. The wheat bins are always empty; everybody is sort of happy-go-lucky and everybody goes hungry at times. It has become the custom there. A young man comes to this village and makes it his home. Unless he is a wonder, it is not long before he is just as shiftless as the rest of the inhabitants. It is a "poor" community, and nobody stores up wheat, and neither does he. If he stays there the rest of his life the chances are he will be as shiftless as the rest, and go hungry as often. There are no wheat bins full of wheat to inspire him to have a full bin of his own.

But something takes him to the next village on the list. Here it has become the habit to store enough wheat to last half through the winter. Almost instinctively the young fellow will follow the custom and try to store enough wheat to last half the winter. He will go hungry only half the winter.

But he goes on to the next village. Here the custom is to store enough wheat to last the entire winter through, and he falls into the same habit. He is never hungry; there is always wheat in the bin. Almost in spite of what may be his natural inclination he finds himself following the common custom of the community and doing as others do. If his bin is empty by January he feels cheap. He feels that he does not belong in the full-bin class and he drops back to the half-bin village.

But it may be that he goes on to the last of the four villages, or is born there. Here it is the custom to have plenty of wheat stored not only for

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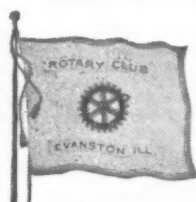
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one winter, but for several winters. The barns are all well-built and neatly painted, the wheat bins stand in rows, each filled to the top.

WHAT I say is that the young fellow will feel the influence of those comfortable well-filled bins in spite of himself. He will be in a plenty-wheat atmosphere. Full bins and plenty of them are taken as a matter of course. A man is expected to have wheat and lots of it. Not to have wheat is considered—accidents barred—a sign of carelessness or poor judgment or weakness of mentality or something.

Association with poverty tends to poverty; association with wealth tends toward wealth—it incites ambition. I know a man who for many years was doing wonderful work in an institution in the less prosperous section of one of our big cities, practically in the slums. I met him not long ago and he said he had resigned and was doing something else because he had begun to feel the effect of all that poverty on himself. He was beginning to feel poor and broken in spirit because he met so very many who were poor and broken in spirit. He felt he must, for awhile, get into an atmosphere of prosperity or he would be done for. And he was right. If you let your dog hide under the sink with the lower end of the ironing-board and the tin dustpan too long he will soon come to believe that that is where he belongs. He will be happy nowhere else. You may wash him and blue him and iron him and he may sneak into the parlor when no one is there, but when Mrs. Biddlebury comes to call he will put his tail between his legs and steal back to the underneathness of that sink.

No man or woman should be a sycophant or a hanger-on—heaven forbid! But why expect to be successful if you choose your friends among the unsuccessful? It is all well enough to say, "When in Rome do as the Romans do," but to do as the Romans do you must first go to Rome. It is also all very well to say, "Try for success," but you cannot breathe the air of success if all your friends and associates are failures. You don't get the mountain-top air in the lowland swamp—you get malaria.

And when you come right down to statistics you'll find that the people in the swamp spend just about as much money for quinine as those on the heights spend for caviar and quail on toast. It is largely a matter of habit; if your friends are the successful you will breathe the air of success; if your friends are the failures you will breathe the air of failure. And the air a man breathes gets into his blood.

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